

CAVALCADE

MATCH, NINETEEN FORTY-THREE, TWICE ONE SHILLING



To all it may concern...



YOU CAN'T FIGHT
A GLOBAL WAR
BY STREET ALLEY
TACTICS

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CAVALCADE

★ CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1943. ★



ARTICLES

Rebirth of Communism in Yugoslavia?	51
Harrowing Interlude	52
Prelude to Tokyo Holocaust	60
Germany's Sympathy Racket	70
"What the Japs Told Me"	74
War on Disease	78

MY DAY TO HOWL

Gilbert Austerlitz Says What He Thinks	3-6
--	-----

CARTOONS

Pages	4, 5, 6, 13, 20, 23, 26, 27, 28, 29, 37, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 58, 67, 69, 73, 81, 83, 91, 93
-------------	---

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A History with Pen and Brush	9-16
------------------------------------	------

CANBERRA

Review and Illustrations	17-30
--------------------------------	-------

PACIFIC

Review and Illustrations	31-36
--------------------------------	-------

INTERNATIONAL

Review and Illustrations	37-49
--------------------------------	-------

DEPARTMENTS

History in the Making	84-86
-----------------------------	-------

Books	88-90
-------------	-------

Pet Peewee	92
------------------	----



You are not asked to fight or to lay down your life . . . you are asked merely to work and to lend . . . in support of him who is doing those things willingly.



My Day... TO HOWL

By *Cafesin* GILBERT ANSTRUMTHUR.

War, it has been said (and very truly said) is an element of politics. I think it was Machiavelli who said it—that is, it was Machiavelli who dragged the fact out into the open.

Briefly, the policies of one nation dictate such-and-such a course (e.g., *Lebensraum*). The nation pursues that political course until it runs across the interests of another nation, whose political ideas on the subject are different. Theyicker quietly about it for a while; then theyicker loudly; then their representatives, leaders, Ambassadors fly off into a rage; then they begin toicker about it violently with fist axes, long bows, halberds, cannon-balls, aeroplanes, or whatever the fashion in armaments happens to be.

The biggest gun of the French Monarchs used to bear the highly realistic Latin inscription *Ultor res regis*—the king's final argument. Which meant, simply, that when his political arguments struck a snag he carried out all further discussion with a gun.

Therefore, if I tend to repeat,

re-emphasis, and repeat again, I am doing so because I believe it is most necessary, because on this keynote the future of world peace will hang; because I want to see some world peace; and because it is full time someone started to look carefully at a few simple, apparently obvious facts.

Therefore, I am most deeply concerned in this matter because: (1) wars are fought for politics; (2) differing politics are the most irreconcilable of all human affairs; and (3) few are making the slightest attempt to look the problem in the eye.

In point of fact, if you mention this subject anywhere, and particularly in political quarters, your victim (for such he will consider himself) will give you a glower stare and start talking about the weather (or about the necessity for defeating the Axis first—which is the same thing).

I know that here and there various Governments (including our own) have set up administrations to draw tentative blue-prints for post-war reconstruction.

But these, by the very nature of their difficulties and restrictions, are local and parochial bodies working in total darkness, like a man who chooses to start in the middle of a long tunnel to find his way out the right end. In a word, they are not starting at the beginning.

These bodies can plan to build reservoirs, and clear slums, and all the rest of it—highly laudable schemes and (to be conservative) twenty-five years overdue—but they do not, and cannot lift a finger to try to plan coherently, on an international basis—which, after all, is the only basis worth considering.

And no international basis can possibly be found until some



"It started as a pillowcase, then we broke out and I tried with the idea of a camouflage net, but Helen's baby changed everything!"

method is found of reconciling the various widely different shades of the world's politics.

And (I am coming out into the open now with a bang), unless this reconciliation is achieved, there will pretty soon be another war when this one is finished, and nothing that you or I can do will prevent it.

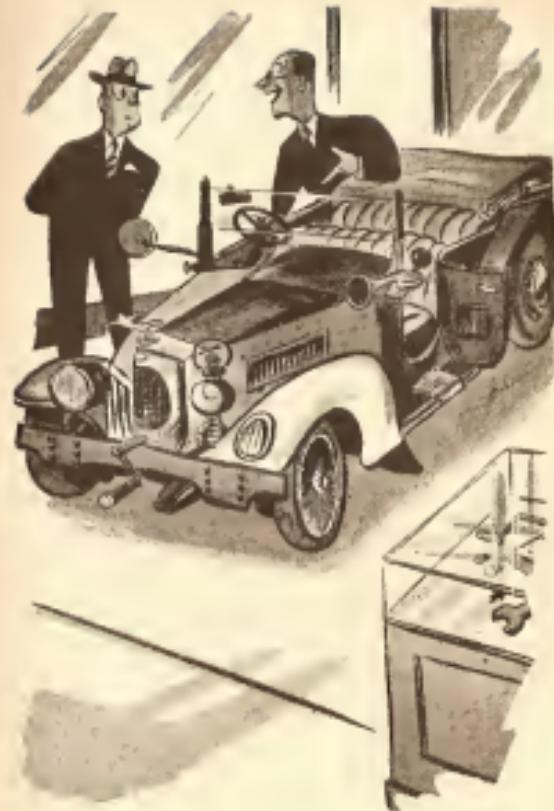
Surely if this war has taught us one thing it has taught us just that one simple truth. This war is being fought for politics.

That should be self-evident; but apparently it isn't. Politics is simply one word meaning Way of Life. A government is guided by its policy. The execution of that policy is politics. Those politics (or way of life) are designed in the minds of the people. If they want another way of life, they get rid of their government and put in a new one.

(Yes, and that applies even to Germany. The Germans could throw the Nazis tomorrow if that was what they wanted. Remember the backward Russians? They threw a much more tyrannical regime.)

Therefore, we are fighting Germany because Germany's politics (or way of life) cut across ours. We think their ideas stink. We don't like them. And we don't like them because they are trying to impose them on us. If they had cared to keep them in Germany they wouldn't have run into all this trouble.

It is the same with Russia. We hated Russia's guts. Some among us still hate Russia's guts. We were taught, led and fooled



"It's the only new way we have. Our spare parts section put it together!"



"Back in the States, Blaize, we breed
zebras in a big way. I'll stick around
and show you the herds when you like!"

into believing the most atrocious stuff about Russia. As I have often said, I am still wondering who taught, led and fooled us. I am still perplexed and confused as to how in hell the Soviet was so amazingly converted overnight from being a race of scurifigious, Fun-eating monsters to a race of virgin saints.

And having been fooled once, can we be so fooled all over again? Or can't we?

I don't know. I'm racing. Sometimes I wake up at night sweating. I have been dreaming that Sweden allowed passage to the troops which Neville Chamberlain wanted to send to help Finland. And I wake up with foam all over the pillow. The war would have been over now—and in not a very nice way.

Burg Lügendorf.

So it is a war of politics. Russia, Britain, and the U.S. are fighting Germany, Italy and (some of us) Japan, because we don't want their brand of politics imposed on us. That is clear enough.

But what brand of politics do we want? That, too, is clear enough. Each wants his own. Each thinks there is no other like his own.

And each is different. And there is the big rub.

At this stage a most interesting point arises. Can each live contentedly, in his own country, with his own politics?

That is the point at which I boggle, and shudder, and begin to think in terms of the next war . . . which would be another war (as have been all wars) for politics (or one way of life against another, or others).

For politics cut across each other. They cannot be held in water-tight compartments, in nations, or in continents. Neville Chamberlain wasn't keeping his politics in his own country when he considered sending British troops to Finland.

And these policies are—at present, anyway—irreconcilable.

Inconceivable. . . Germany, although she had a pact of friendship with Russia, could not reconcile her policies with those of the Kremlin; so Germany attacked Russia. It is quite certain she would not have attacked if their policies ran parallel; she had enough on her hands already.

If it had been even remotely possible, she would much preferred to have come to an understanding, at least for the time being, and get Britain out of the way. But because their policies clashed (and they both knew it, and both knew they would sooner or later go to war) Germany was afraid Russia might turn back while her back was turned.

And so on.

After the Great War, Britain and France (those greatest of friends who fought side by side) fell out over politics. Britain and the U.S. (those same-stock, same-language cousins who fought side by side) fell out over politics (and money).

The United States, although she did not want it, had to go to war with Japan in 1941—simply because Japan's policies included a desire to be top-dog in the Pacific. The U.S. did not want to fight. If she had wanted to fight she had plenty of opportunity—two years of it.

Is that enough to prove that policies are the most inflammable, irremediable stuff in the world, or do I have to explain what happened recently in North Africa from Darlan onwards?

There is no point anywhere at which even finer shades of political thought have yet reached a point where reconciliation on a reasonably firm basis has been achieved.

In the world's parliaments, opposing parties snap each other's heads off, and opposing members

come to blows or almost to blows in the anti-recess, Republican and Democrat, Labor and Capital, Socialist and Tory.

True, a certain amount of reconciliation has been achieved under the stress of wartime emergencies in all countries. Otherwise there would be chaos. But the clash is still there, just below the surface, and in many cases far above the surface.

Even in a tremendous national emergency France could not find a workable basis for the reconciliation of her innumerable shades of politics—and still can't find one in North Africa.

To-day we are having all kinds of nice big parties whose object is the planning of military strategy. The top men of the fighting nations get together at various rendez-vous.

But no one has yet suggested that some top men should get together and plan post-war international political reconciliation.

Do you wonder that I wake up all scratched and frothing, and screaming, with my hands full of hair when I dream of the job ahead—the job of trying to avoid a post-war war that will make this one look like a ladies' sewing circle, and which no one has the guts to mention, let alone attack?

The subject for the cover of this issue of "CAFFELAINE" was made available by courtesy of the "Tucker Star," the humor journal of Collier's Journal.



Section Two

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A Running History of a Nation's Fight

... RETREAT

As February opened the infant-faced, face-losing Jap was trying desperately to regain some of his lost prestige by an attack on Wau.

He had been thrown pell-mell out of Buna in some of the grimlest, wort fighting of this or any other war, in a tropical land where heat, stench, humidity made existence a burden, movement of any kind an added nuisance, fighting a torture.

The Jap, wasting no time, struck towards Wau, came to within 400 yards of the Wau aerodrome, was driven back three miles before he knew what had hit him, by Allied troops who now had his measure, and more.

When the smoke and sweat had cleared, it was found that the enemy had taken up scattered positions well back in heavily-timbered country. Here, Australian patrols forced him out, was engaging him in sporadic fighting.

Most important adjunct to the forcing of this enemy retreat

was the part played by low-flying Borefighters, who came on the scene right when they were wanted most, began strafing merrily up and down in a way the Japanese could not withstand.

So how were the 'pilates that, when an enemy antiaircraft dump went up with a whang, one machine got itself slightly damaged by flying debris, had its time cut out to get home safely without being torn to pieces by wind.

It was going to be no easy job to dig the Jap out of Lae and Salamau. They had had twelve months to dig in and consolidate themselves; and it was a safe bet that they were as well fortified as at Buna, that they would fight as fanatically as they had in that region.

Attack was on the position around Wau now.

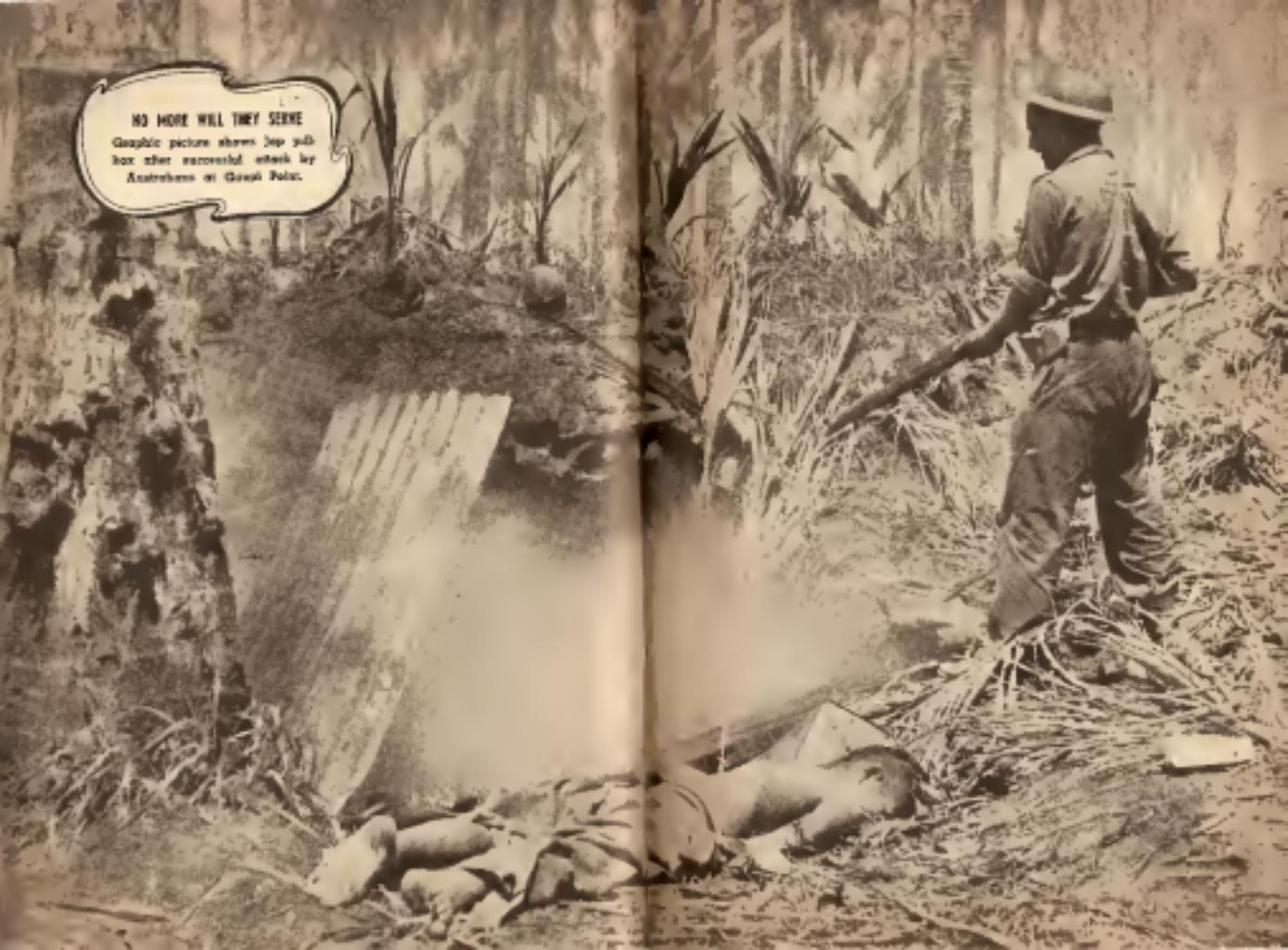
Artillery was being flown in, Australian patrols were reaching out towards Muo. According to some reports, there was an esti-

(Turn to page 12)

● EXHAUSTED BUT HAPPY AFTER VICTORY. AUSTRALIANS IN THE BUNA BEACH AREA.

NO MORE WILL THEY SERVE

Graphic picture shown 300 yds.
box after successful attack by
Australian at Goupi Point.



AUSTRALIA AT WAR

around 3,000 Japanese troops in the Wan-Lae-Salaisansu triangle.

Allied spirits were high, morale superb. To a *Sydney Herald* correspondent, Captain McCallum, 23, of Missoan said, on his return from a bombing attack on Rabaul:

"We made many runs over the target area and dropped flares and a large number of fragmentation and incendiary bombs on them.

"Then, just for good measure, we tossed over some bottles and a few rolls of toilet paper, which looked a fantastic sight, as they twinkled down in the searchlights' beams.

"It was real good fun for a couple of hours, but then it became sheer hard work. We were in the searchlight's beam most of the time."

For good, aggressive measure, too, they flashed down insulting messages with their landing lights

... THREAT

But no one under-estimated the Jap. It would be the utmost folly to think that he was just sitting in the north, waiting for United Nations' strength to grow, waiting for the day when they would come and get him.

Whatever else the Jap might be, he was no fool, and every Australian soldier who had fought him knew it.

The Jap was getting ready. He could see, as well as the next, that he was in for a rough spin when the Allies got good and ready to

start dishing it out; he could see that the end of the war in Europe would be the beginning of his day of reckoning; he knew right well that, unless he could establish himself solidly in the southwest Pacific, he would be in a bad way soon: for it was as apparent to him as to anyone else that his German Ally was on the way out; he knew that the Australian continent was being prepared as a springboard for future operations against him; he could hear, as well as the next, all the specious, pretentious and what-not being made about looming Allied offensive actions in the Pacific—and he knew that it was not by any means "all talk."

Therefore, his policy was probably based on two planks: (1) to consolidate as quickly and solidly as possible; and (2) to do all he could to, (a) put China into a military corner where she could do least harm, and thus remove so far as possible the threat of Allied bombings on Japanese cities, and (b) launch an offensive against the Australian spring-board.

It was still early in the month when news began to be featured of Japanese air preparations in the circle of islands around Australia's north.

Allied planes began raiding the Kai Islands, bases in Dutch New Guinea, bases on the Arafura, Teniobber, Dutch East Indies Islands.

(Turn to page 16)



"I have reason to believe there's a Nazi paratroop in our midst . . ."

DAWN AMBUSH

An incident in the gun fight for Wau aerodrome is vividly portrayed in this sketch by Howard Barron. A sergeant wounded in the action tells the story. "All down we ambushed a party of 40 Japanese. We let them come within 10 yards of us, where they could not get away, and then got the lot with Tommy and Brow guns."



AUSTRALIA AT WAR

... V.C.

During February, the second Victoria Cross to be awarded for valour in the New Guinea campaign went posthumously to Private Bruce Steel Kingsbury, of Melbourne.

Official citation stated that his battalion had been holding a position in the Iaera area for two days against continuous and fierce enemy attack.

On August 29, 1942, the Japanese attacked in such force that he succeeded in breaking through the battalion's right flank, created a serious threat both to the remainder of the battalion and to its headquarters.

In order to avoid the situation becoming more desperate, it was essential to regain, immediately, the ground lost on the right flank.

Private Kingsbury, who was one of the few survivors of the platoon which had been overrun by the enemy, immediately volunteered to join a different platoon which had been ordered to counter-attack.

He rushed forward, firing the Bren gun from his hip, through terrific machine-gun fire, and succeeded in clearing a path through the enemy.

Continuing to sweep enemy positions with his fire and inflicting an extremely high number of casualties on them, Private Kingsbury was then seen to fall to the ground, shot dead by a bullet from a sniper hiding in the wood.

Private Kingsbury displayed

complete disregard for his own safety. His initiative and superb courage made possible the recapture of a position which undoubtedly saved a battalion headquarters, as well as causing heavy casualties among the enemy.

"His coolness, determination and devotion to duty in the face of great odds was an inspiration to his comrades."

... ACTION

Towards month's end, action in and around New Guinea and New Britain was confined mostly to aerial activity.

Without let up, Allied planes were swooping back and forth over the enemy, wherever they could find him.

It seemed as though Allied planes might be softening up the Lee area for further ground fighting.

Staid a communiqué towards February's end: "In a strong coordinated attack, our medium bombers and attack planes, covered by long-range fighters, swept the (Lee) area, Soppi and Koba. Our 1,000 lb bombs caused heaviest destruction in the light village construction and many large fires were started.

"There was no attempt at interception and all planes returned.

Mobile: Our attack planes

bombed and heavily strafed trails and villages from Wigoing to Guadigau.

On the enemy, a great weight

of great bombs were falling freely.

Section Three

CANBERRA

A MILITIA BILL BECAME LAW AFTER A LOT OF CANBERRA SOUL-SEARCHING AND ARGUMENT • THERE WERE BEER-SHOUT-AGES AND POSSINGS IN ROOFS AND THREAT OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE
BRASSEY HOUSE

DEPT OF INFORMATION (CENTRAL) SECRETARIAT.



CANBERRA

... PROCLAMATION

In Treasurer's Chifley's office in the Ministerial lobby of Parliament House three men met for a few minutes as His Majesty's Executive Council.



CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER
DAVIS.

... life pivots around 'pains'.
(See page 28).

They provided the minimum number of Ministers necessary for a constitutional meeting of the Council.

Without ceremony they approved the formal proclamation which implemented the power given by the Milner Bill to send Australian conscripts from outside Commonwealth territory.

After the meeting, in the lobby outside, Prime Minister Curtin appended his signature to the proclamation document held for him by Press Secretary Rodgers.

Thus, unopposed, the final act was played of a great Australian drama—a drama which opened in November with Curtin's approach to the Labor Conference for changes in Australia's traditional anti-conscription policy.

After months of tumultuous debate, bitter controversy, political duck-shuffling, a new policy had been evolved to meet the demands of the times.

Years ago, when Curtin was a working journalist, he wrote a column of typings of the day which he called "Current Cont."

He could have filled many columns with the case that was talked on this bill in Parliament and out of Parliament, from both Government and Opposition benches in Parliament.

But surprising fact was that big though the issue loomed in Australia, the larger world could see little in the controversy beyond its domestic implications.

From Government offices abroad came reports that few newspapers in the United Nations gave space to the issue.

They found mere news value, the reports said, in what Australians were doing on the battle-fields of New Guinea.

... CHANGES

In those difficult months there were many changes—changes of

CANBERRA

mind, changes in political attitude, even changes in the fundamentals of Curtin's proposal itself.

It looked out that somewhere between Curtin's approach to the November Labor Conference and the drafting of the Bill the area of militia service was carried.

Theory is that it was Cabinet itself, taking literally Curtin's advice that a holding war would keep Australian troops south of the Equator for a long time to come, insisted on this limitation being included in the Bill.

There were other changes, too. Immaculate, silver-tongued ex-Prime Minister Menzies, dapper ex-Army Minister Spender, and Opposition front-bencher Hartley changed their minds.

As members of the Opposition Executive they three supported a unanimous recommendation to the Opposition Parties to accept the Bill.

As politicians with ambitions to satisfy and electoral reactions to watch they changed their minds.

So they resigned from the Executive and now all three occupy remote back benches.

For Robert Gordon Menzies that was no new role. Already he had resigned from a Victorian Government of which he was a member, later from Ministerial office in the last Lyons Government, and later still he stepped down from the leadership of his party and the Prime Ministership itself.

But it was a new and irksome experience for him to mount the

platform's stool, and with oratory more subdued than usual, explain to Parliament why he had changed his mind.

For Spender it was a more re-alaric decision. He took a swift visit to Sydney before the vote was taken, and with presence, not uneasiness in view of all the circumstances, read in his electorate signs sufficient to induce repentence for earlier decisions.

There was a lot of soul-searching that week-end before the vote.

Those members who couldn't leave Canberra read with more than ordinary care the newspaper files in the Parliamentary library.

They absorbed the editorials, avowedly swayed public opinion in their electorates.

A lot of telephone calls were made that week-end—calls by na-



WILLIAM MORRIS HUGHES
... unseated by chaser
(See page 28).

CANBERRA

many members to on-the-spot party organisers for advice, encouragement.

But against an indecisive minority, Opposition Leader Fadden, and most of his Party men, stood solidly behind the Bill.

They wanted a larger area of militia service.

They agreed with Menzies that there might have been some "mucky manœuvring" over the Bill.

But afterwards, when the Bill had passed, Fadden, in two sentences, summed up Opposition viewpoint.

He explained: "The Opposition voted for the Militia Bill because it did not want to divide Australia. If ever there was a case of half a loaf being better than no bread it was evidenced by the attitude of a majority of the Opposition."

For Fadden it was a decision as important as that made by Curtin when he approached his Labor Conference.

Then Curtin staked his political life on the decision of the Conference.

Unflinchingly, Fadden has now staked his political life on the imperfect understanding of a public which even now knows or understands little more of the issue than the largest of the newspaper headlines told.

Conclusion of the debate found Fadden in the position which Curtin, when Opposition Leader for so long, knew so well.

For years Curtin led a party split by dissension and strange ideologies, lacking strength to govern.

Now it is Fadden who, uneventfully, leads a native Opposition, lacking strength to govern, if given it had to.

And while the militia controversy had caused the long-simmering Opposition pot to boil over, it brewed a unifying elixir which gave the Government new strength and Curtin new stature.

Said a Government front-bencher: "Nothing unites a family more than the misfortunes of its neighbors."

SENATE

Upshot of the Opposition split is a determination by Opposition Senators to use their majority to emphasize the Senate's power of review.

Already there is evidence that the role may be over-acted.

And, in any case, the Opposition in the Senate can never be quite sure of Senator Crawford, a most terrible rascal from Queensland.

Months ago he saved the Government embarrassment by refraining from voting on an Opposition motion which would have upset some of the Government's employment legislation.

On the Militia Bill he withdrew support for an Opposition move to amend the measure.

Said he: "I stand by the counsel of my heart. In men, money and munitions Australia has done as

well as any member of the United Nations."

But the Senate made its gesture by sending down to the Representatives a Bill sponsored by Opposition Leader McLennan to enable wider use of the militia than authorized by the Government Bill.

It was a Bill which had the shortest life of any brought to the House of Representatives in the history of the Commonwealth Parliament.

It got no further than Opposition Leader Fadden's formal first reading motion. It lived for just five minutes.

The Government has a nominal majority provided by two Independent members in the House of

Representatives.

But in the Senate it faces an Opposition majority of two.

Therefore, with power to delay or amend Government legislation the influence of the Senate on the political set-up is not inconsiderable if it wants to get tough.

SPEECH

To a politician, his own words are stern censors.

Quoted with terrifying unprecedence by a political enemy, they leap out at him from a forgotten past to confront him with his own foibles.

From the perspective of time words can be alarmingly frank and embarrassingly explicit.

Therefore, the wise politician



DEBT REPAY

CANBERRA

writes down what he wants to say, and when he stands up in Parliament he reads his notes and answers as few interlocutors as possible.

But there is a Parliamentary rule, framed in the long ago, which forbids a member reading his speech.

It is a rule more honored in the breach than in the observance, but occasionally it crops up disturbingly.

Latest victim was good-natured Senator Opposition Leader McLay.

Interrupped in the middle of a carefully prepared speech by Labor's Amour he was reminded of the reading ban, was forced to complete his speech from memory.

Last time this happened was more than a decade ago when, as Treasurer, J. A. Lyons was stopped from reading all of documents, his budget.

On this occasion clever party tactics enabled him to surmount the obviously impossible task of delivering a complicated financial statement from memory.

Canberra old-timers say it is the prepared speech which has banished memory from the Australian Parliament.

To prove their point, they say that Prime Minister Curtin and Oppositionist Menzies, top-flight speakers of the Federal Parliament are always at their best when speaking without notes.

From a prepared speech, Curtin reads with academic precision,

often fails to capture his audience because of it.

But his answer to critics of the Milk Bill, made without notes and at short notice, ranks among his greatest rhetorical achievements.

It filled Parliamentary benches and public galleries. It left Curtin physically exhausted, and it produced the rare result of inspiring congratulations from Opposition critics.

Curtin shares with Menzies the easy-to-listen-to qualities of the good speaker, the command of the language, the clever phrase, the sharp repartee.

Menzies is more economical with words than Curtin, who often creates a too-flowing phrase, sometimes uses more words than he needs to express a point.

Menzies speaks coolly, calmly, almost at conversation pitch; Curtin, under the stress of debate, sometimes raises his voice to jarringly volume.

If Menzies has an occasional fault it is that he too often irritates his listeners by apparent patronage, by a strong impression that he is talking down to them.

...REPATRIATION

From a typescript manuscript of 58 pages, broad, bold Repatriation Minister Frost made the longest Parliamentary speech for years.

His new deal for soldiers, embodied in the Repatriation Bill which his long speech introduced to Parliament, is intended to become the corner-stone of the Gov-



JAP DEPTEK

CANBERRA



ROBERT Gordon MENZIES,
new and vigorous exponent.
(See page 19.)

Government's post-war rehabilitation plan.

Framed after months of research, careful sifting of soldiers' requests, analysis of reparation measures of other countries, and long hours of Cabinet discussion, the Bill was the most important of the Parliamentary session.

Anticipating a keen debate, Rehabilitation Minister Frost prepared for members an impressive document which showed clearly present benefits, proposals of the all-party Rehabilitation Committee and the Government's decisions.

With this, and the Bill to study, many members hurried to party rooms, left Minister Frost to make his manly speech to a thin House.

But keenest of all listeners were the representatives of soldiers' orga-

nizations, who from far parts had come to Canberra to see what the Government was going to do about reparation.

After listening to them and studying the Bill, members realized what a complex, far-reaching, delicate problem reparation really was.

It was a problem which months ago was considered to have dangerous political implications.

But at a meeting with soldiers' members of Parliament, representatives of the soldiers themselves praised the fundamental principles of the Bill. They suggested amendments which did not cut deeply into the Government's plan, proposed a non-party approach by Parliament.

The plan the Government has framed will cost £1,750,000 in its first full year.

But when the Bill finally passes Parliament, amendments and adjustments may add to the cost.

... BEER

From a little Victorian town came within half-an-hour 30 telegrams for the local member.

All of them complained about the beer shortage in the town.

All of them had obviously been sent by uncoordinated decision of thirsty constituents in the hotel bar when the beer ran out.

Senders of the telegrams ran the gamut from humor to threats to impress their head upon their member.

Some said that farms could not be worked by thirsty farmers.

CANBERRA

Some merely said "No beer."

Disconsolately the member walked King's Hall, knowing that his constituents must remain thirsty, that cherubic Customs Minister Keane, sternest of her rationers, was inexorable.

At month's end there was a beer drought in Canberra; even the Parliamentary bars were dry.

Canberra's only barmaid rugged up yielded beer pumps.

Ironically, the Government issued regulations breaking age-old Victorian tradition, permitted barmaids in that State in order to release men for war duties.

As man-power needs increase, officials predict bigger and longer beer shortages.

Present craft stocks will last a few months; later must be found to provide more, or beer-drinking for many may become a memory until war's end.

... MEMOIRS

It is an open secret in Canberra that the old tiger of Federal politics, William Morris Hughes, is writing his memoirs.

Crouched gauncie-like over his desk he writes for hours in spidery script.



NEW GUINEA, 1943. Australians on reconnaissance in the Buna area discovered this place of primitive ease in the remains of a Japanese camp. It is marked "A.P. KALAYA," indicating use by the enemy or our captured supplies.

A metal statue, grotesque caricature of himself, stands in front of him like a wicked little god.

Nobody has seen the manuscript, but there are many who would give a lot to read what this remarkable old man has said about them.

Chiefly, Federalists say that there will be a lot of red faces when the book is published.

H Hughes has written when his anger has been bitterest the chapter of his leadership of the United Australian Party will raise a lot of political dust.

For more than a year he has stood off contenders for the U.A.P. throne, has kept party wrangling subdued by the simple expedient of never calling a meeting.

Many meetings of the other Opposition parties have been held, but not since Hughes became leader of the U.A.P., and its only executive officer, has a meeting of this party been called.

This month, as ambitious members became restive over the union issue, there was talk of a concerted move to demand a meeting.

At such a meeting it was clear that Hughes' leadership of the party would be challenged.

But a month's rest showed palpitant Hughes was unmoved by the clamor, had carried the fight into the contender's camp.

In the party room he flayed straying members with all the fire and biting cynicism which have made his political life a controversial Australian legend.

On the verandah outside his

office he burnt the accumulated documents of years, filled nearby offices with sand smoke.

But this was no gesture of a man clearing his office desk as a prelude to departure.

For Hughes it was the purposeful clearing of the desks for vigorous counter-attack.

MEETING

Twenty-five years ago two young Australian airmen flew together against Richtofen's famous "circus" above the clouds and war-ravaged fields of France.

One was shot down, spent many months in a German prison camp, came back to Australia and dropped out of the flying game.

The other remained a flier, helped to maintain Australia's tiny peace-time air force, help to build Australia's war-time air power.

Recently, for the first time in 25 years these two men, no longer young, met again.

One was Air-Marshal Sir George Jones, Chief of the Australian Air Staffs, the other was Len Taplin, one of the greatest fighter pilots Australia ever produced.

Location of the reunion was an incredibly remote little town on the edge of a military aerodrome in the far North-East.

It was one of those towns on the frontier of the wilderness where people endure sun-baking heat, blinding dust and the discomfort of an expensive water supply brought in barrels from a distant river.

First to greet Air Chief Jones was ex-fighter pilot Taplin, now doing a civil job at this remote outpost.

For an hour or more Air Minister Drakeford listened to these two fight again the battle of a quarter of a century ago.

Taplin ranks second to Air Commodore Cobley in the number of 'planes shot down by an Australian in World War I.

He might have been Australia's No. 1 ace if, in that last battle,

Richtofen's men had not been so numerous.

Air Minister Drakeford saw many strange things, met many colorful personalities on his long flight across Australia's inland chain of aerodromes.

Colorful as any was the back-country engine-driver who owns his own aeroplane.

When his train was blocked by floods he uncoupled his engine, drove back to his home, took off in his 'plane from his back-yard



ONE OF THE WAR'S most realistic and dramatically composed pictures is this. Taken on the British Army pushed on from Sittar, it was sent by radio to the press all over the world.

CANBERRA



REPATRIATION MINISTER FROST.
— *see* *Opposite* speech.
(See page 22.)

aerodrome, and brought in food and supplies for marooned workers.

... DIPLOMATIC

In the Mugga home of Canadian High Commissioner Davis the pretty round a 'possum.

For weeks the 'possum has lived under the tiles, defied all efforts to dislodge it.

Bluff lawyer Davis has taken time off to stumble, Blondin-like, in dust and gloom over the rafters in pursuit of the little animal.

Now the household lives in uneasy peace with its 'possum, gone to bed when the possum is quiet, makes no noise that might send it scurrying over the ceiling.

'Possum trouble is common to Canberra householders, and the

Department of the Interior maintains a special squad to deal with it.

Equipped with a strong light to dazzle the 'possum, a long, hooked stick to catch him with and a strong bag to hold him, they are always at call.

More unlucky than High Commissioner Davis is Soviet First Secretary Saldatov, who hasn't even got a house for a 'possum to gambol in.

Providing accommodation for the large Soviet Legation staff is giving Canberra officials a headache.

There are few houses in Canberra suitable for Legation offices, and none are vacant.

The Government has a few houses for Soviet Minister Vlasov to choose from, but most of his staff may have to live in hotels until houses are found for them.

Meanwhile, on Canberra's most outstanding building site the spacious American Legation buildings are taking shape.

With few alterations, the red-brick, early Colonial building will be identical with the U.S. State Department's plan for 25 similar Legations scattered throughout the world.

Included in the plan is a separate double-storyed Chancery and Secretary's residence.

The Legation will set a high standard for other Governments.

The rich period architecture of the building will be matched by

CANBERRA

period furnishings.

Dominating feature of the long, colonnaded reception terrace will be the floor pattern of traditional negro butlers.

Behind the foundation stone of the mansion will be sealed a copper box containing the contract lease of the land, the cheque for £6000 which purchased the 99 years' lease, a copy of a Canberra newspaper containing the report of the Pearl Harbor attack, and a photograph of the staff of the first American Legation in Australia.

... TRIVIAL

On Prime Minister Curtin's office table are two polished maple correspondence trays.

Usually they are empty because Curtin never lets his correspondence or official files accumulate.

But in keeping these trays clear he has to deal with many matters of minor importance which make a hard job more arduous.

Through his two correspondence secretaries come many problems which should have been addressed to a junior Minister or a Government official.

Wheelied up by unimaginative State Premiers come demands for action or advice on firewood and hotel hours, racing fixtures and beer shortages.

In unending volume come demands, requests, invitations, suggestions from public officials and private citizens.

At a time when the New Guinea campaign was at its zenith, when Japanese forces were hara

ting American-held Goodenough, a Sydney official was threatening to "Wear Curtin down" on a problem connected with charity race meetings.

If Curtin, or any Prime Minister before him for that matter, passes these minor questions to somebody else whose department it concerns, he risks accusation of discourtesy.



SOVIET FIRST SECRETARY
SALDATOV.
— *see* *Opposite* speech.
(See opposite.)

To a lesser degree this problem of trivialities affects all Ministers. The more complex and exacting their war duties become, the more people they are answerable to, the more individual and collective representations they provoke.

Because of this, Federates see

CANBERRA

outstanding merit in the proposal made early in the war that Parliamentary Under-secretaries be appointed to assist Ministers.

Their duties, it was planned, would be to handle all but the most important problems with which Ministers would have more time to deal.

... QUESTIONS

In the vernacular of the Parliament, a "Dorothy Dox" is a pre-arranged question asked to provide opportunity for a Ministerial statement.

It is a transparent subterfuge, sanctified by long usage.

Nearly every sitting produces a "Dorothy Dox," and the staccato Opposition jeering is all part of the game.

To rank-and-file members of Parliament, question time which opens every sitting is the most important part of the day.

To Ministers with a legislative schedule to keep it is often an irksome, time-wasting duty.

Question time enables the rank-and-file to raise briefly, and often embarrassingly, the current day-to-day issues.

Members may not be discursive in asking questions, and they may not quote lengthy documentary support for their questions.

Many questions are asked not to elicit information but to embarrass political opponents.

Laborite Calwell, most tireless of all questioners, wanted Prime Minister Curtin to prophesy the electoral results of the resignation

of leading Oppositionists from their Party executive.

Unquenchable Laborite Morgan quoted Oppositionist Menzies' radio admission that his attitude on the Militia Bill had been reached "after a week-end of very close and critical self-examination away from the artificial political atmosphere of Canberra."

Asked Morgan above Opposition upon: "Will the Government provide a day of statement each week to enable members to reflect upon their actions of the past week?"

To the visitors in the public galleries question time is the most entertaining part of a usually dull Parliamentary day.

With taxation questions and a new £100,000,000 war loan pressing on the financial lobes of its brain, War Cabinet nevertheless announced measures of benefit to women.

To women in uniform came gleefully the news that deferred pay would be credited to members of the Women's Auxiliary Services, including the nursing service, after six months' service or on embarkation for overseas service, payment being effective from December 7, 1941. Sex equality was gratified, for that scheme lined up with the treatment of male members of the forces. In the national budget it meant a cost of a quarter of a million for the first year, possibly three-quarters of a million later, when all present serving members have qualified.

Section Four

PACIFIC

FEBRUARY'S 1942 PACIFIC HISTORY WAS MAINLY ONE OF ERIC-A-BLIC—OF SPEECHES, FEARS, THREATS AND PREDICTIONS • THE JAP TRIED ON FACE SAYING DEVICES, BUT FAILED.



YOUNG CHINA

... BRIC-A-BRAC

February's history of the Pacific was mainly one of bric-a-brac, of specifying of fears and threats and counter-threats, of sour grapes and predictions and a victory.

For a kick-off, President Roosevelt of the U.S. made a statement to newspapermen putting no more emphasis on the Pacific, as seen from the Casablanca end, than it had got at the conference since it had adjourned.

Obviously it was that Pacific Democratic peoples were no little concerned that Pacific problems had apparently had no more than a shrug or two at the Casablanca conference. They were not about this, and showed it. They wanted no holding war in the Pacific; and it began to look as though they were going to get only a holding war until Germany had been defeated.

He added nothing to what had been already said.

There was anxiety about the depredations of U-boats. Germany's U-boats were still there, plugging away savagely at Allied shipping. And shipping was still the biggest problem of the Allied Nations.

If anything could bring them down, or, at least, lengthen the war by years, this was the weapon, in German hands, that would do it.

At month's beginning, Captain Lovett, Director of Public Relations of the U.S. Navy said that,

based on information available, Germany had some 400 submarines.

At least one third of these were tough, long-range craft capable of cruising for a month without having to refuel. These U-boats were 220 feet long, carried a crew of 45, had a surface speed of 20 knots.

It was grim news that American merchant seamen suffered 3.8 per cent. casualties in missing and dead during 1942, compared with the armed forces' 1 per cent.

Said the report: "A greater percentage of survivors is expected in 1943 despite the anticipated increase in submarine activity. This will result from more escort vessels, better arming of ships, and improved safety devices."

... AIRCRAFT

From the U.S. War Production Board came their figures for delivered aircraft during December 1942.

To the Services and America's Allies, 3,439 planes had been delivered—677 more than November's deliveries.

During same month, munitions output had been five times as great as the monthly output before Pearl Harbor.

Deliveries of merchant shipping for December totalled 1,657,000 tons deadweight, bringing 1942's output to more than 8,000,000 tons. In terms of ships: 727.

... BATTLE

Around the Solomons, a grim,

silent naval battle was raging. First hint came from the Japanese. For many a day United States officials would say nothing.

It was February 7 before Navy Secretary Colonel Knox began to give out any information. Said he: "I am not kidding when I say that operations are in the preliminary stage, and that both sides are trying out their footwork. There has been no major clash as yet, but there is every indication that the forces are getting ready to do something."

"These various moves would ordinarily precede an engagement of some size; but nothing yet indicates what the Japanese objective is, or when the enemy intends to prove it."

Already, he said, both Ameri-

can and Japanese air and surface craft had suffered moderate losses.

Later on in the month, it seemed as though Japan's principal objective in having naval vessels in the vicinity of Guadalcanal was to cover evacuation of her troops from that island.

For this, she paid, with two destroyers sunk; four believed sunk; eight damaged; a corvette and two cargo ships sunk or at least badly damaged; 64 aircraft shot down, 10 probably destroyed.

In action, the U.S. Navy had lost: one cruiser (Clemson); 9,050 tons; nine eight-inch guns; one destroyer; three torpedo-boats; 23 aircraft.

Of the crews of lost American ships, few were lost.

While it was on, the battle axes extended for a whacking



FACSIMILE OF A ONE SHILLING NOTE printed and circulated by the Japanese in the Pacific Islands. It will be noticed there is no provision to pay, as usually appears on the currency of any Government.

PACIFIC

100,000 square miles; the battle itself was purely between planes and ships. On no occasion did surface ships come to blows.

Interesting indeed was the revealed fact that, when the Japanese task force discovered what it was up against, it took clear and definite steps to keep well out of the way, scarcely came within a radius of one of the American forces, withdrew at their earliest convenient moment.

But it was getting along towards month's end before all this was explained.

GUADALCANAL

Meanwhile, on Guadalcanal, American troops were having things very much their own way.

They had outflanked the Japanese, were getting grimly, efficiently into position with the undoubted intention of rubbing them out once and for all.

To do this, they had dashed their painful way through forty-odd miles of jungle, climbed a 3,000-foot mountain, crossed a great number of streams—with all that that means: dragging equipment, bringing up stores and munitions, fighting jungle every inch of the way.

For the Japanese on Guadalcanal, the jig was up.

From Japanese Imperial Headquarters came a highly visible communiqué. Whose face it saved, no one was able to say. Outside Japan it saved no faces at all.

According to their story they had evacuated Bougainville and Guadalcanal after having performed their mission; that of establishing strategic bases that would "form the foundation for new operations in the South Pacific."

Their communiqué insisted that these forces had now been "transferred to other zones of operation." Transferred they were, indeed—but by Allied wiping-out operations.

None of this led the South-west Pacific Allies up any garden path; nor did it throw any dust in their eyes.

Typical comment:

Captain Browning (of Admiral Halsey's staff): "We are going to take further offensive actions, in which the complete control of Guadalcanal has an important part. I am not at liberty to say what."

Cocked Admiral Halsey: "Having sent General Patch (Commander of American Army troops of Guadalcanal) to do a tailoring job on Guadalcanal, I am surprised and pleased with the speed at which he removed the enemy's pants to accomplish it."

On that island, the Jap, in six months' fighting, had lost some 40,000 men, more than 1,100 planes, 71 ships, another 11 ships probably sunk.

The enemy had lost some 13,000 or 16,000 men in New Georgia, planes, ships.

How he could explain all this away and still call it a transfer

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

251-15
1942

My dear Generalissimo

The once vast distances between our two countries have been successively diminished by the steamship, the radio, the cable, the airplane, and now by the marvel of science which I am utilizing today.

I take the unique chance to tell you, honored ^{but} the people of this country, including Mrs. Roosevelt and myself, feel the honor with us your charming and distinguished wife.

Always sincerely yours
Franklin D. Roosevelt

"¹ OF A DIFFERENCE. You and I can make a mistake in spelling without making given our backgrounds; but when the President of the United States puts on "1" in *one* in "Generalissimo"—that's news. Above is the letter to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek sent by President Roosevelt via radio. The radio "1" was erased before the letter was photographed.

PACIFIC

of men was something only a Japanese could understand.

... "BAD NEWS"

At mid-month, President Roosevelt, in an address to White House Correspondents on the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday, poured some oil on troubled Pacific waters, emphasized that the Pacific theatre had not been forgotten at Casablanca, even though it had been scarcely mentioned since.

Said he: "The decisions at Casablanca were not confined to one theatre of war. Before the end of the year the world will realize that the meeting produced plenty of news—bad news for the Germans, Italians, and Japanese."

His aim: "The thought uppermost in our minds a determination to fight till the day when the United Nations' forces march triumphantly through the streets of Berlin, Rome and Tokyo."

Summed up, he said very little—which was what could be expected on the eve of big things, as talk begins to give way to action.

... CHINA

Most disturbed of all Pacific nations was China—China who, for many a long, wistful year, had been fighting Japan alone; China, whose Burma Road lifeline had gone with the Japanese wind; China, who feared that, with growing Japanese strength and concentrations, with diminishing supplies, she might not be able to hold out much longer unless help

came quick-and-soon.

Perhaps for this reason (among many others) talks between Allied and Chinese military leaders were held in Chungking and India after Casablanca. In future, there would be more talks.

They looked with suspicion on the announcement by Franklin Ray, chief of the Land-Lease division for China, who at mid-February announced that more aid had gone to China in January than in any month since the loss of the Burma Road.

Perhaps this was so; but it was comparative. If only a trickle had gone through in those other months, a slightly bigger trickle was January's contribution—not to be compared with the volume that went over The Road.

And China had to have more than mere trickles.

As February drew along, China grew more-and-more impatient.

Said one Government spokesman, bluntly: "If additional aid is not forthcoming, China's economic condition might well deteriorate beyond recovery, and Japan may be so strengthened and entrenched that it will take many years to defeat her."

Towards month's end, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek was in the U.S. speaking to Congress. Some of her points: (1) Japan's resources were now greater than Germany's; (2) Before Pearl Harbor the world thought the Japanese were negligible fighters, afterwards they began to think of them as supermen.

Section Five

INTERNATIONAL

THERE WERE RUMORS OF UPCOMING ALLIED INVASION—FATHER, OERMANS CONTRADICTIONS • INTO THE GERMAN MIND GRAVE DOUBTS, FEAR, WONDERINGS WERE BEGINNING TO PENETRATE.

Paid Model Rosalind's easy flying over a photo copied from British plane in a destroyed jeep vehicle pile up in one two-mile stretch of road

INTERNATIONAL

FEBRUARY

February was chock full of rumors—rumors of almost everything that could be rumored, rumors of Hitler's death, of his fall from public grace, of his incapacity by sanity, of his relinquishment of supreme military control in favor of his generals, of a projected German attack against North Africa through Spain, of British troop-and-ship concentrations in southern English ports "under cover of great artificial clouds," of peace-moves in Italy—of a thousand and one rumored things.

This in itself could almost be taken as an indication of big things. The Allies had promised to make 1943 a year of offensive, if not victory.

That they were preparing to make it at least a year of offensive could well be granted. Therefore, that great activity was going on just under the Allied surface was a sure bet.

Another sure bet was that, no matter how hard you looked, it was going to be practically impossible from now on to pick up any hint or tip of where and how Allied blows would fall when they started to fall.

Zero hour was getting too close (even if only by months) for Allied leaders to let their tongues slip.

Therefore, there was little profit in listening to the hot tips of commentators; it was little use trying to read hints into official

speeches, or looking for signs and portents.

As time went on and the hour for attack grew nearer, rumors would no doubt increase. Allied leaders and officials would no doubt make wide, contradictory statements. Some would stand up and shout that it was impossible, or nigh-impossible to land an invasion force that would have any hope of success in 1943. Others would stand up to curse them, and to say that invasion was on the way.

It was quite possible that Soviet Russia would start to complain loudly, or half-aloud, and demand a Second Front, and start to bicker.

There might well be Allied conferences, designed to give the enemy the impression that the United Nations were anything but united, and that they were squabbling among themselves.

For all of these weapons of confusion—as the Allies well know—are strong weapons that will throw uncertainty into the mind of the Axis.

There must be confusion.

On invasion eve it will be hard enough (if not impossible) to hide the physical evidence of the offensive's preparation.

There will be troop-trains streaming along Britain's railways, transport lorries thickening her roadways, great umbrellas of planes covering the skies, great concentrations of shipping clogging British ports, waiting for

their cargoes of men and material.

All this cannot be done overnight, can scarcely be hidden during the days when it is being done—even if troops are moved only at night, even if lorries crowd the roads only after darkness has set in. The Axis must learn of these movements, if they have half an eye.

Therefore, earliest preparations must be covered by apparent Allied bickering and confusion.

This, however, must be carried on in more or less undertones,

Statements that Anglo-American forces cannot launch an invasion this year (or that they cannot launch it until North Africa has been cleaned up—which is one method of under-covering) would be met by a howl ofised, clamorous public opinion, demanding, "Why?" disgustedly yelling all kinds of insults.

Allied peoples are fighting mad, anxious to get the war over and done with now that Germany is on the retreat.

That, then, is the Allies' prob-



EGYPTIAN DESERT DRAMA. A wounded Nazi officer of Rommel's wounded Africa Corps receives medical attention from the advancing British Eighth Army Hospital Service.

INTERNATIONAL

lem—how to create confusion in enemy countries, without resorting to barefaced public opinion to a dangerous pitch in the process.

HINTS

Perhaps Ambassador Maisky's thrust, in London, on the occasion of the Red Army's 25th anniversary, was one of the earlier low grenades in the war of confusion.

Said he: "It is natural for Russia to expect an early collapse of the military decision taken at Casablanca."

Into this, German propagandists, with their eyes to the ground, might well read a strong note of dissatisfaction. That might well be what Russian Ambassador Maisky intended.

"The sooner the British and American forces begin to deliver hard blows against Nazi Germany in Europe," he continued, "the sooner will come common victory and the smaller will be the sacrifice."

Germans would have no diffi-



In the epic defense of Stalingrad big batteries in the suburbs were dug out and veritable fortresses. The city stretches along the west bank of the Volga for many miles; every five miles of streets were reduced into a separate fortress, in which supplies were accumulated for a long siege. As more and more cities fell to the Germans, as their defense points became stronger and more difficult to capture,



Through the outer ring of the city, where some of the buildings were occupied by the Germans and others were held by the Red Army, Hitler's forces had to penetrate enemy strong points and the process of urban combat had suddenly changed into a struggle and torture. The enemy's freedom of movement every zone became restricted.



In the heart of the city, hand-to-hand fighting became widespread. Street like these were general during the big German drive to cut Stalingrad into two parts. So great was the wreckage that tanks were impossible to maneuver through the crowded streets, and the German drivers found it was possible to drive owing to thelessness of the tanks.



INTERNATIONAL

caly whatever in reading impatience into that.

If that was not sufficient, they had heard Premier Stalin say, in an Order of the Day on that self-same occasion that, because there was no second front in Europe, his Red Army had been forced to bear alone the whole burden of the war.

"Nevertheless," he added, "the Red Army not only has withstood the German onslaught, but also in the course of the war has become a menace to the German Fascist hordes."

This was no more than many a well-placed German military leader had predicted. In a pe-
-

tions lecture to his General Staff officers, Field Marshal Walther von Brauchitsch had said:

"Whenever Germany attacks in the East of Europe, whatever our advance intelligence and reconnaissance reports may say, whatever the political structure of Russia at the time, one predominant truth must prevail: we shall have to reckon with a manpower which, if given time for mobilisation, will defy all the rules of a strategy based on the carburetor and carburettor-engine."

For his doubts about the advisability of attacking Russia, and about the strategy proposed for that purpose, Field Marshal von



• THE MAN AND THE MANHANDLED

INTERNATIONAL

Brauchitsch was given a position of relative obscurity.

Nevertheless, he still wields no little power and prestige among Germany's generals — perhaps more prestige and more sympathy since his predictions proved themselves true.

Another to look with trepidation on the possibility of a Russo-German conflict was Hans von Seeckt, who took a big part (if not the biggest) in building Germany's army.

A staunch advocate of partners, he nevertheless preached that they were subject to certain limitations.

His view of a Russo-German war was that Germany could beat Soviet Russia, but only if Britain censured neutral.

His stated opinion: "The most deadly combinations against which Germany could ever fight would be Russia on land and Britain on the sea and in the air."

"In such an event we should have to bring before an army-court-martial the Foreign Minister who set us into such a mess."

In such a mess now was Nazi Germany . . . or, at least, heading well in that direction; for she was facing not only Russia on land and the British Empire in the air and on the sea, but the upcoming possibility of Russia, Britain and the United States on land, with Britain and the United States in the air and on the sea.

SPAIN

In south Europe, two neutrals were taking a last look around.

half-fearfully, with an eye cocked to the future.

Turkey. It was fairly plain to see which way Turkey was going to jump now. For a long while she had been an unknown quantity, not knowing which way to turn—as ready to turn towards the Axis, if it looked like an Axis victory, as she was now towards the Allies, since it began to look like an Allied victory.

Turkey, by all the signs, was swung up. She would behave. When the numbers began to go up, she might even come in (as so many little neutrals hasten to do at a war's end) on the winning Allied side, in hopes of getting some sort of a rake-off.

It was a pretty good bet that she would not play up, however. For there was a strong Allied army at her back, complete with equipment.

Now, with the German armies being pushed further and farther westward on their Eastern front, this Allied force could mean only one thing: a guard against any Axis attempt to break out through Turkey . . . or (conversely) a guard against any Turkish attempt to be tempted to break in with the Axis, under pressure or otherwise.

Turkey had talked nicely to Premier Churchill only recently. She wanted no trouble.

Spain. The highly christian little murderer, General Francisco Franco was more troubled. His course was not nearly so clear or



ALL BRITAIN'S NAVAL LOSSES REPLACED

It was noted by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. A. V. Alexander, that all naval losses have been made good. The diagram shows three losses in capital ships, aircraft-carriers, cruisers, destroyers and submarines since outbreak of war.

with promise of plain sailing.

It was being said that he was looking with more favor on growing Allied strength and offensive-capacity, was at least mentally promising to be a good boy.

But it is hard to tell with Fascists of any hue. He might well allow passage to German forces reportedly moving down towards the Spanish border (and, or along the French Mediterranean coast) while outwardly promising loudly and volably.

Another year's end, although Britain and the U.S. had assured him that they had no designs on Spanish North African territory, he called a secret session of his Cabinet, over which he himself presided, later issued a decree which said that the uncertain war situation made it necessary to call up reinforcements.

Declared he, at that time: "No foreign Power will be permitted to set foot on Spanish territory."

Although many a newspaper interpreted this to mean "Axis Foreign Power," it could well cut both ways. Partial mobilization, as carried out, might be for one of several reasons:

(1) To stop any Allied attempt at making an invasion landing in Spain;

(2) To stop any Allied attempt at taking over Spanish North African territory;

(3) To stop any Allied attempt at countering a German invasion of Spain, whose object would be to sweep down on Gibraltar and

thence across to Spanish Morocco;

(4) To stop any Axis attempt at invading Spain;

(5) To try to stop both contestants from making a battlefield of Spain.

Spain's army, to-day, is fairly well-equipped. It has an airforce; but because the breeding-house of war has so swiftly improved airplane types and equipped them with more and more scientific gadgets, Spain's air force is something of a back number, consisting mainly, as it does, of old planes.

Franco could never be sure that the major part of his army's job would not be quelling uprisings, if he chose to fight along with the Axis, giving them little time to come to grips with the Allies.

PLEA

Prize mystery of the month was that stirred up by mouthpiece Gayda's published plea to the Allies to at least start thinking in terms of making a peace with Italy.

Cri-quick, after publication of his articles, official Italy jumped down Signor Gayda's throat, denied that he had had any right to say these things, denied loudly that he had had any official backing in the saying of them.

Yeh, without doubt, they were said. For what reason?

(1) It might be well that Signor Gayda, perceiving the writing on the wall, was thinking in terms of Signor Gayda's own skin, and was

padding in a word or two for himself, good and early.

In that event, it could be expected that, sooner or later, Signor Gayda (like Moussar Darijan) would turn up in some Allied-held land, offering to organize all Free Italian, or on some other such pretext.

That remained to be seen.

(2) It could be that he had, in fact, had some semi-official backing for his plea; but when it was laughed so quickly to scorn, his semi-official backers made a quick retreat, leaving Signor Gayda holding the bag and trying to hide his blaches.

(3) Could be, too, that he was indeed, being heavily backed by influential industrial heads, who are becoming more and more anxious, both in Germany and in Italy, to get out from under while there is still time.

Whatever the facts, one thing seems reasonably certain: That Germans, swarming all over Italy, had used peasant see way or another.

It might even transpire that Signor Gayda's skin will be found bobbing idly on the bosom of the Tiber.

POLAND

Reminder of the first bone picked in this instant of warfare was the growing paucity of statements about what Russia expected from Poland after the war. Salient fact was that the trouble arose

over a border: over where it was to be.

Most people found it easy still to remember certain factors: (1) that Poland regained its identity as a nation only after the Great War, and after a fight against the new Red Russian armies; (2) that Poland underwent a resurgence of patriotism which, in a quarter of a century, established a new republic that was also a bone of contention; (3) that the new Poland was a composite of pre-Great War Russian and German territory, and that both countries therefore considered they had certain historical claims to parts of it.

When Germany overran Poland in the first weeks of December, 1939, Russia saw the revival of old Poland, wanted—and got from its then neutral neighbor—a portion of the conquered land. Serviceable was this slice of Poland as a buffer between Russia and Germany; until the Russian scrap of paper was torn up and the fight was on. Poland's homeless Government, already dreaming of a post-war world, dreams of the restored independent Poland of 1939 . . . while Russia dreams of keeping the bit that was hers until 1919, and was hers again, after twenty years, in 1939.

It might be a master for discussion between Polish Government and the Kremlin. It is an intriguing minor mystery of the present set-up; worth watching.

Smoking battleship Arizona is the
cause of this official photograph
parleying damage at Pearl Harbor.
Enemy plane (top center) is
diving headed toward camera
traverses. U.S. will repay this.





"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah . . . I say mass to youuu . . ."

Rebirth

OF COMMUNISM IN YUGOSLAVIA?

WAVERLEY ROOT

Marxist policies by the United Nations very soon Communism's sphere in Central Europe — particularly Yugoslavia.

What is happening in tormented Yugoslavia to-day perplexes many observers. They hear reports of Yugoslavs fighting each other, of General Mihailovich's anti-Axis forces clashing with the reportedly Communist anti-Axis Partisans. And they ask: "Is General Mihailovich pro-Axis?"

The answer to that is: "No." The explanation of this puzzling situation is that in Yugoslavia the policies against which this column issued a warning are producing the results which it predicted would arise from them.

In discussing the danger that mistaken policies, undertaken in the name of "expediency," would cause a revival of Communism, it was pointed out here that this could happen on two planes, externally (that is, inspiration from a Russia driven back towards Communism by the distress of the democracies) or internally (as a result of Left revolution against non-democratic leaders allowed by the democracies to retain power after the war). The clash of Mihailovich and the Partisans has been brought about by the operation of political and psy-

chological factors on both these planes, with the actual case paralleling closely the theoretical pattern.

Let us take the first plane. It has been noted that "a policy of remaining aloof from Russia, refusing to admit her to the strategic conferences of Washington and London, while dealing with the anti-democrats like Admiral Darlan and Otto of Austria, will revive the danger of Russian-inspired Communism by reawakening Russia's long-standing distrust of the sincerity of the democratic leaders."

Now what happened in Yugoslavia? The rise of the Partisans, whose leadership was Communist, resulted from a different conception of the aims of guerrilla warfare in Yugoslavia than that held by Mihailovich. Mihailovich concerned himself with trying to occupy strategic points and increase the positions he held in anticipation of a later Allied invasion, which would be facilitated by this process. The object of the Partisans was to use guerrilla warfare to attack the Nazis at once and directly to oblige the Germans to keep in Yugoslavia troops

which would otherwise have been war against Russia—and they succeeded so well that 33 Axis divisions were immobilised in that country.

At the time of the difference between Russia and the western democracies on the opening of the second front, before the African venture, Russia's support of the Partisans, as against Mikhalovitch, came out in the open. It is difficult to see how she can be blamed for encouraging the Partisans under the circumstances. Thirty-three divisions more thrown against Stalingrad might have meant the loss of that city and the success of the Germans in reaching the Caucasus. Since her Allies would not or could not create a diversion in Western Europe, she spared on her own fellowmen in Yugoslavia to do it.

The Germans used the Partisan attacks as excuses for mass executions and levelling of whole towns. They might have done it anyway, on some other excuse; or they may deliberately have retaliated to create the very effect which was produced: enmity between the Mikhalovitch army, backed up by the anti-Partisan bands formed by peasants terrified of reprisals, sometimes with the inspiration of local Quislings, and the Partisans, which in some cases led to direct armed clashes between the two. Thus a conflict developed between the forces of Mikhalovitch, representing, more or less, the position of the western democracies, backed up by other groups infiltrated with pro-Axis sympathisers, and the Partisans, representing the Russian attitude.

Now for the second phase. In December last, it was apparent that if the democracies gave support to non-democratic or Fascist leaders "they would have reduced the choice of European peoples from that of Communism, democracy and Fascism to the single alternative of Communism or Fascism; and faced with that choice, after the experiences of this war, the chances were good that they might choose Communism."

The working out of this principle is also evident in Yugoslavia. In that country, as in all others which fell victim to the Germans because of the weaknesses of its pre-war leaders, the population will accept no return of these men to power. Yet the exiled Yugoslav government in London represents a continuation of the pre-war governments whose failings are partly responsible for Yugoslavia's present plight. Mikhalovitch himself is a representative of pre-war orthodoxy. The Yugoslavs see him and the exiled government as leaders whose democracy is only skin-deep. They see the Allied governments sharing such attitudes as that of the United States Department in urging the Fighting French to increase their authority by taking in elected representatives of France like Camille Chautemps. If the United Nations fail to realise that such men have forfeited whatever authority they once had by the poor use they made of it, the Yugoslavs reason, we ourselves will have to see to it that new men and new methods are brought in.

The urgency of this became all the more evident as reports were



"It's a rush order . . . for M.G.M. of course!"

board in Yugoslavia that there was one body of Allied opinion in favour of returning Prince Paul to power after the war (although he is now a British prisoner in Kenya) and another for a restoration of the Hapsburgs through Archduke Otto. The alarm this idea caused has recently been multiplied by the error of the United States War Department in giving its accolade to an Austrian Legion for which Otto would be a recruiting agent. Yugoslavs who were not Communists, but who did realize that the old structure had been destroyed forever, and who would not consent to any attempt to re-build it, proceeded to accept Communist leadership in the Partisans. The result in the actual case of Yugoslavia has been exactly that previously forecast in the hypothetical case of France, that all elements of resistance to the old order would be forced into the Communist fold.

Europe after the war cannot be

Free Alliance, U.S.A.

Portrait of Shaw

I don't know the relations of other writers with Shaw, but my own experience has been curious. Whenever I've tried to do his portrait in the last twenty years, he has always begun by strenuously objecting to my doing the thing at all and ended by taking the brush out of my hand and trying to do the thing himself. I must have done a hundred bust-length portraits in several volumes of *Contemporary Portraits*, sketches of great men I've met in my lifetime, but Shaw is the only one who has always acted as if he could do his own portrait better himself.

Or perhaps it's only an over-analysed desire to help. Anyhow, twice or thrice I was making an attempt he has delayed me with material—all of it so interesting and so well-written as to make it almost impossible not to use it. He objected always at first; didn't want me to write about him, refused me the details I felt I must have to make a really full-length portrait. This was on learning I had begun his biography. I told him I was going ahead anyway. Whereupon a month or so later he overwhelmed me with considerations, most of them new—Frank Harris, Bernard Shaw.



"No notice in the corridor, Thompson... I recall how you behaved when we had parlor music!"



"I think we've done a very good job of camouflage... actually it's a radar station."

Horrible INTERLUDE

CARL ERIC SOYA

The Nazis were not so famished in doing the ruled ring in this Danish Fairy Tale

The Danish writer Carl Eric Soya was recently sentenced to two months' imprisonment for publishing a fairy-tale about an earwig, which, it was stated in the judgment, was "hostile adversely to influence the good relations of Denmark with a foreign Government." Many Danes tried to obtain a copy of the tale which had offended the Germans. Here it is.

Once upon a time there was a miller named Jensen. Hard-working, good-natured, obliging and friendly, he was the typical Dane who kept his house in apple-pie order, did not stint himself and was happy when he saw others prosperous too; and he was left in peace. Jensen was married, and this ordinary couple had two ordinary children, Vera, a grown-up daughter and Niels, a school-boy, who collected all sorts of insects.

One morning as the family were having breakfast, enjoying the good things with which the table was decked, an earwig was discovered crawling about among the dishes. Niels caught the insect for his insectarium, but it soon became clear that this was no ordinary earwig. It devoured all the mil-

peds and woodlice with which it was supposed to dwell in safety, growing bigger and bigger all the time. Soon the greedy animal outgrew the small insectarium and made itself comfortable in the Jensens' larder, where it ate up all the food. Thus things went on for more than two years.

"You should crush the monster," said Mrs. Jensen to her husband. "I fear disaster as long as that beast is in the house."

Her presentiment proved right. One day the housemaid, Christine, found the giant as her bed. Panic-stricken, she fled down the stairs, fell and broke her leg. Jensen was obliged to pay a large sum in compensation. The Jensen family could find no other domestic help, the mother was overworked and everybody irritable. The Jensens could not invite friends to the house; they were afraid that the news of the unbidden guest by whom they allowed themselves to be tyrannised might spread abroad.

Meanwhile, Vera had become engaged to a bank-clerk, named Hansen, but dared not bring him home for fear that he should hear the story of the earwig. Finally,

however, she confided the reason for her strange behaviour to her fiance, who said: "I don't understand your father. In his place I should have killed the beast long ago."

"You don't know my father," replied Vera, "he is so kindly-hearted that he would not hurt any animal."

Meanwhile, the earwig, which had grown to incredible dimensions, behaved as if it were the master of the house. It ate up all the food in the house. However hard the busy miller worked, he could no longer feed his wife and two children, and everybody was hungry—except the earwig. One day the earwig attacked the daughter Vera. That was too much for the fiance. Armed with a hatchet, Hansen burst into the room occupied by the "guest." As he struck him down a miracle happened. Covered with blood, the living monster changed into a human being. Before death claimed him he divulged his secret.

"An evil spirit," he said, "had

changed me into an earwig and cast a spell over me, ordering me to eat surreptitiously places where decent people would least suspect me. I was to live and prosper as a parasite at the expense of people who sheltered me.

"The evil spirit by whom I was possessed has done me one good turn. Under his influence I could barely remember that I had ever been a human being, and had lived decently with other human beings . . ."

And with these words the earwig breathed his last. The Jensen family were again able to breathe freely and able to resume their peaceful and hard-working life. "We have had the earwig with us for three dreadful years," said Miller Jensen sententiously, "Although they were hard to bear they have served one good purpose. We had been so happy before the earwig invaded us that we did not know how happy we were. Now we know, thanks to the earwig."

—*Free Europe, London.*

More Origins

Previously in newspapers one reads of meetings where the chairman has to give his "counting" vote. In these past, in "cast" meant to turn the bones of the vessel to the required score.

Have you ever been in that awkward position "between the devil and the deep blue sea"? This is an obviously mortal saying as is also "the devil to pay and no pitch hot." The outside rim of a boat which was sometimes called the waterway seam, earned the name of "devil" among the seafarers, because it was the hardest rim that had to be "poured" with pitch, which well illustrates the meaning of the latter phrase as a very difficult job.

—Desmond Mallaby in Ireland's *Saturday Night*.

Prelude TO TOKIO HOLOCAUST

O. D. GALLAGHER

What the U.S. volunteer aviators did to the Japs over Burma and China is only a foretaste of what is to come.

About fifty Japanese bombers, with thirty-four fighters as escort, crossed the Burma-Siam border on December 23, 1941, bound for Rangoon, whose docks and wharves were jammed full of shipping and United States Lend-Lease material for China. I was on the front steps of the Strand Hotel, immediately opposite the new Brookong Street Wharves. Down came a stick of bombs to straddle these wharves, and I lay flat, hugging the top step. Tremendous roar as the Japanese plastered the city . . . Considerably more than a thousand people were killed that day.

I decided to go to Mingaladon airfield, about fifteen miles south of Rangoon, to see what had happened out there. The fighter boys began coming in. This was the first time since 1914-18 that the United States and Britain had flown wing-tip to wing-tip into action against a common enemy. With few exceptions, this was their baptism of fire, though some of the A.V.G. (American Volunteer Group) had seen action in China, and two of the R.A.F. pilots had fought in the Battle of Britain. And the results of that first united American-British air action over

Burma were two United States pilots and their planes lost to about thirty Japanese air personnel and thirteen of their bombers and fighters.

The way they chattered, hot from the fight; their enthusiasm, their curses, their pride, their avowed anxiety to get back to another fight—it reminded me of the young men of the R.A.F. I knew in Kent during the battle of Britain. In their P-40s, or Tomahawks, as we call them, the A.V.G. destroyed all but one or two of the big of Japanese that day. They continued to do most of the destruction even until long after we lost Southern Burma. I do not know if any Japanese air crews ever had time to see a Tomahawk at close range, but if they did it must have shaken them. The noses had been painted to resemble a shark's head with wicked eyes and open red jaws. They may have been surprised also at the Petty girl (in bathing-suit; every one a different pose), painted on each Tomahawk.

Thus began the first miracle of the war against Japan. Remorselessly the Japanese sacrificed their air crews in attack after attack, in bitter attempts to break this

small United States fleet which barred their way to Rangoon. First they sent over waves of unescorted bombers. The A.V.G. destroyed them. They sent over bombers with light fighter escort. The A.V.G. destroyed them. They sent over bombers with medium fighter escort. The A.V.G. destroyed them. They sent over bombers with heavy fighter escort. The A.V.G. destroyed them. They sent over, at last, only fighters to destroy these infuriating Americans. The A.V.G. destroyed them.

Preparations for this United States surprise, the A.V.G., began months before, when one astute American named William Pawley was given the job of secretly recruiting pilots and ground crews from the United States' three air forces for service in China under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Pawley was the chief of the Central Aircraft Manufacturing Company ("Caco"), Miami. He was authorized to see that adventurous Americans were offered high pay and quick temporary release from the service of their Government if they cared to fight for China. Pilots were offered six hundred dollars (gold) monthly. Pay for ground crews was equally high.

Thus came into existence the American Volunteer Group, consisting of the First, Second, and Third Pursuit Squadrons. Wearing civilian clothes, they were shipped across the Pacific with orders not to divulge their real identity or destination. They were the first "tourists" (in Nazi lines) of the United States. They addressed each other as "Mister"; no Service ranks were used.

I saw several groups of them in Singapore. I was struck by their fine physique; I do not think I had ever before seen so many tall, broad-shouldered, intelligent, self-confident young men. I checked them up in the hotel register and found entries like "R. T. Smith: American; from U.S., destination unknown; retired aerobat," and "W. D. McGarry: American; from U.S., destination unknown; astaf." Others described themselves as "Presidents-in-training," or just plain "tourists."

Away they went to China to meet the man who made the A.V.G. one of the world's finest fighting units: Colonel (as he was) Claire Chennault. It seems the colonel had made good use of his years in Japan. He studied the Japanese air forces with such assiduity that later, as chief of the A.V.G., he was able to tell his pilots exactly how the Japanese would fly, where to find their weak spots, how to avoid their strong ones, and, in fact, how to beat them.

The shrewd, appreciative Chinese Government, to whom the entire A.V.G., from the colonel to the auto-mechanics, were under contract, gave a verbal promise to pay the pilots five hundred dollars (gold) for every Japanese plane they shot down. Up to February, 1942, the time of his death in action, the highest scorer was Squadron-Leader Jack Newkirk, who had shot down seven Japanese, an average of one a week. After Newkirk's death, easy-going, shrewd Squadron-Leader Bob Neale became highest scorer with fourteen up to March, 1942.

They were the world's strongest, highest-paid mercenaries. They were the first men in nine years to inflict a fighting defeat on the Japanese. In these dark days they held command of the air, but their command was, unfortunately, only local. They were the hawks wherever they happened to be based. There were but three squadrons. All could not be on operations together; one or two of them had to be held in reserve.

The A.V.G. gave all of us who were there to see them the surest clue as to how this war will be won. The Japanese air forces will one day be grounded wherever they lie, by superior air crews flying superior aircraft. Up to the Japanese occupation of Rangoon the score-card read, "For every A.V.G. pilot lost the Japanese have lost fifty air personnel (pilots, gunners, observers). Up to April, 1942, the score-card was, eighty Japanese aircraft lost to one A.V.G. aircraft.

What were the secrets of this small, formidable fighting force?

What was their inspiration? One of them told me, "Money." He was a sardonic young man. I tried to analyze them and came to these conclusions.

All were volunteers. All were saluted regular fighters. They had agreed of their own free will to leave the air forces of the United States Army, Navy, or Marine Corps, which were then marking time. They went to China with chips on their shoulders, not merely willing, but anxious to fly pursuit in actual war. That, I think, was Secret No. 1. Their morale was the highest.

Secret No. 2: Every man was handpicked. From the physical standpoint, "you were out," one of them told me, "If you had a half-rotten tooth." From the mental and moral standpoint one of the clauses in the contracts they had to sign with representatives of the Chinese Government as the United States said the volunteer had to be easy to live with. If, when he reached China, any volunteer was found to possess bad habits or bad temper, or turned out to be a dark, grumbling pessimist, he was, at the request of his comrades, given a free passage home. (I heard of none going back this way.)

Secret No. 3: If a volunteer joined up in the United States because he was carried away by gleaming pictures in the art-paper microcosms of heroic pilots hugging beautiful Oriental girls in Sarong, and less if he expected hero-worship in foreign war-zones and instead found the war offered nothing more than high pay and nothing to spend it on, mud, cold, bad food, boredom, fear, and sometimes filth, and consequently felt he had been cheated—then he would be offered an honorable and free passage home again. The fundamental rule of the A.V.G. was, "We only want the men who want us."

Secret No. 4: Whatever the A.V.G. made of itself would be the fault, or the honour, of the men themselves. The original idea belonged to someone else, it was true, but since the Group was formed it became the men's own responsibility. Unlike a national army, navy, or air force, where a



"Here is the news and this is Joe Decker writing it!"

volunteer found his individuality lost in the vast anonymity of thousands, the A.V.G. gave its members the chance to retain their individuality. This gave each member a pride in the Group. If it were had it was the personal responsibility of the members.

Secret No. 5 was the Group's honestly, democratic way of running itself. Although little Communications Chief, "Mickey" Mihalko, of the Second Pursuit Squadron, put it this way: "Any man in this outfit can do as he damn well pleases." His squadron-leader, Jack Newkirk, a long-haired, serious New Yorker, and a fire leader, would have put it differently. I imagine he might have said, "Any man in this outfit is damn well pleased to do anything there is to do if it'll help beat the japs."

Secret No. 6 brings me back to the up-to-date young pilot who said, "Money." Good reward for good service is apt to bring out the best in a man. And an A.V.G. man knew his family back home did not have to worry about cash.

The unique A.V.G. did have something no other air force had. Brigadier-General Chennault had a lot to do with it, and democracy. Democracy is an unusual thing in any organized fighting unit. Even orderly-minded Newkirk said if the A.V.G. was incorporated into the regular army it would add minutes to the time it took them to take off. To be really orderly entails a certain amount of formality. Formality takes time. Japanese don't wait.

On December 25, 1941, while the Japanese were still celebrating

the day by their second air raid on Rangoon and Mingaladon airfield, down out of the fight came a boy from South Dakota, Flight Leader Duke Hedman. He had been a farm-boy before he became a pilot.

"What did you see, Doc?"

"Plenty. The sky's full of them."

"What did you get, Doc?"

"Five."

"Wha-a-t! Hey, who are you rassing?"

"No, it's right. Four bombers and a Navy 'Q'."

He was not fooling. He had set up a world's record. Five enemy planes in one fight—just like that. The total for that Christmas Day was twenty-four Japanese (six of them fighters), against two A.V.G. planes and one R.A.F. plane, with all three pilots saved. The Japanese had a total of one hundred planes up. They lost a quarter of them.

It was after these two actions, December 23 and 25, that the A.V.G. really got into their stride. They were under the command of the R.A.F., to whom they had been loaned by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to help protect Rangoon, which to him was of the utmost importance, being the sea end of the Burma Road. The dream of every fighter squadron is to annihilate an enemy formation. We often talked about this dream at Mingaladon. We decided the best thing to do was to shoot down every raiding unit of a Japanese formation and then say nothing about it—leave all the Japanese head-quarters from Siam to Tokyo wondering what on earth



"A dose and knee for shoving . . . but for missall, the end will!"

had happened. Not once, but twice, the A.V.G. wiped out complete formations of Japanese. One formation numbered eleven, the other seven. We did not keep it quiet.

A target much favoured and sought after by the A.V.G. was a bare view of a Japanese bomber without any defending fighters about. As a London ground-crew man attached to the A.V.G. remarked, "These blankin' Japs carry everything except the kitchen stove!" Swords for everyone of the rank of sergeant-major and above, fishing-tackle, torches, rations of cooked rice and fish, and uncooked fish, and up to eight men as crew. Eight crew in a bomber normally carrying five in other forces. To take a Japanese bomber, side on, from arrowhead to rudder was the fighter's delight.

"I couldn't guess what happens inside, but you're bound to hit someone. Can you see them? Stumbling over their awards, falling over their fish, getting snared up in the fishing-tackle. Boy, it's more fun than you could shake a stick at!"

On February 2, 1941, the Air Officer Commanding, Air Vice-Marshal Stevenson, sent a message to Brigadier-General Chennault in Changkung, congratulating the A.V.G. on shooting down that day its hundredth Japanese 'plane over Burma. One hundred Japanese aircraft destroyed in forty-nine days . . . and it was a most conservative figure. Against this the A.V.G. had lost five pilots killed in action and one presumably a prisoner of war.

One hundred Japanese aircraft

destroyed meant £12,500 to the A.V.G. pilots. Some of them shared their bonuses from the Chinese Government, of £125 for each Japanese aircraft destroyed, with their groundsmen.

The A.V.G.'s share in the destruction of Japanese aircraft earned for them extraordinary public adulation in Burma. I do not think any white people have been so popular in Burma in all its history. The girls tumbled over themselves to try to get a date with an A.V.G. boy. They were accosted by strangers who insisted on buying them drinks. The American news agencies drive their reporters in Burma frantic with demands for more A.V.G. stories. Men off visiting United States merchantmen, carrying Leslie-lead cargoes, visited the airfield to see "our boys" and collect bits of Jap aircraft as souvenirs.

How did it affect the boys themselves? Not much. The majority enjoyed it, but did not take advantage of it. I said to one, "I must say, I don't know how you blokes do it. The Japs are no slouches at flying, you know."

He said, "In the air, or on the ground one American is good for ten Japs."

"That's a bit high."

"I said *ten* to *one*."

He was not kidding.

They kept on fighting, the A.V.G., as the Japanese got nearer and nearer to Rangoon and the main A.V.G. base, Mingaladon airfield. It got more and more difficult for them, as the shorter the distance became between the Japanese front-line and their airfield the shorter the winning they



Personally, I don't care for the new songs . . . no the old ones, like 'I don't want to let the world as I am' . . .

got from the observers stationed in the most forward positions. And, of course, the less warning they were given of approaching Japanese raiders, the less time they had to climb up and get height in preparation for the attack on the intruders.

On February 15, 1941, Squadron Leader Robert A. Neale gathered his First Pursuit Squadron round him on the verandah of one of the huts and gave them a straight talk. The Japs, he said, were coming too close for comfort—or efficiency, as far as flying pursuit was concerned. We had better start making plans for evacuation. He went into details. Everyone got the details fixed in his mind and went back to his job, the pilots to their cockpits and the mechanics to their tools with which they had done such remarkable work during all those weeks. As the ground crews passed the planes, so the pilots praised the ground crews—and with reason. They were short of everything, even spare aircravets. In some cases they used empty fruit-cases to repair cannon-shell holes in their Temahawks.

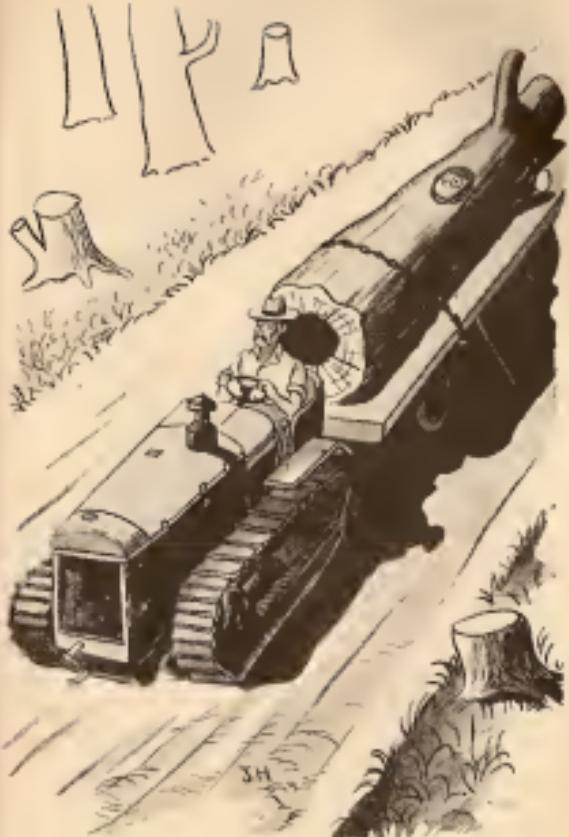
That day they got twenty-three Japanese and the day afterwards another twenty.

The boys woke up next morning to find the evacuation of Rangoon in full progress. They—and the R.A.F. Hurricanes—had been left at Mingaladon without any air-raid warning system. All the fighter boys on Mingaladon airfield could rely on now was visual spotting from the field itself,

which would be quite useless. The A.V.G. blew up, or burned, anything that may have been useful to the incoming Japanese air force, and followed the R.A.F. Hurricane boys north to their next base at Magwe airfield, and from there made their own way into China. Brigadier-General Chennault was responsible for a fine manoeuvre in April, 1942, when fourteen Japanese fighters, fitted with special long-range petrol-tanks, attacked them in China. The Japanese were a long way from their bases. The A.V.G. shot seven down in a drawn-out action, but still kept firing. They went up in relays. The result was that the Japanese were forced to stay up flying so long that Brigadier-General Chennault was prepared to swear on a stack of Bibles that the remaining seven did not have enough petrol to get back to their bases. Safe forced landings could not be made in the jungle over which they had to fly.

When they occupied Mingaladon airfield the Japanese, particularly the pilots, must have had many a thoughtful moment as they gazed at what was left of the base of the A.V.G., the so numerically inferior air force that for six hectic weeks had had the tenacity, the ability, the aircraft, and the courage to call "Halt!" to the air forces of His Imperial Japanese Majesty—to call "Halt!" to the flying Descendants of the Gods, who carried swords, and fishing-tackle, and dirty pictures in their aircraft.

—Condensed from "Retreat in the East" (Harrap, London).



Germany's Sympathy Racket

LORD VANSITTART

Another of Germany's Black Record, an indictment of the German people, reveals the Nazi preparations for World War II

The story of reparations exposes the greatest of German swindles and throws a high light on the extent to which the world has grown used to letting itself be deceived by German propaganda.

"In 1918," writes Professor Fuerstner, "a Swiss spoke to a German of the folly of their demands and asked him, 'After this what will you do if you lose the war?'" "We will organise sympathy," was the answer. They did, and most successfully. "I am going to show you, as simply as an insurance tangle permits, how it was done.

In trying to force the Huns to make good as much as possible their devastation, the Allies made two mistakes. Firstly, they begged among themselves at the figure and secondly, they ended by fixing it too high, not for justice but for practical purposes.

The German people, haggling hard about war guilt, felt no remorse of conscience, but only an infinite itch to bilk their victorious victims.

It seemed to them first a hardship and then an outrage to restore their lost. They were, in fact, determined from the start to pay as little and protest as much as possible. They admitted no

sins and murdered the very few who tried to reveal them of ugly and incriminating facts.

The immediate problem that confronted the Germans was, therefore, how best to deceive. They set about it methodically. They saw long before Hitler that great lies are more easily believed than little ones.

The obvious technique was to pretend to be paying a great deal more than was actually the case and so whine loudly and continuously about the payments that were in fact being made. The adoption of this method required no genius, but only an assumption of unlimited crudity on the part of the swindlers. That, indeed, is the basis of all really great swindles. What was a stroke of genius was the later stage in which complaint had become so loud that—despite obvious and concurrent improvements—the dupes were persuaded to let Germany turn reparations to positive account.

Germany did not carry out any notable portion of the reparations to which she pledged herself in the Treaty of Versailles. She deliberately intended that her victims should weaken themselves as much as possible by paying for the damage themselves, while she remained as strong as possible to pre-

pare for the war of revenge that was already being planned.

Compared with other peoples, Germany suffered as little from her first bid for world domination that she had no hesitation in embarking on a second. In perfecting her arrangements for her second crime, she spent, on her own showing, 29 billions—eight times what she had spent on reparations for the first. And this was done by a country that claimed to have been crippled by the magnitude of her armada. And she found dupes everywhere, particularly in the United States.

The Germans carried their bankrupt to lengths so incredible that they found credence. They actually included as reparations the fleet they scuttled at Scapa Flow. They charged as £75 millions for that item. They even tried to count in the value of the artillery that their beaten army had had to abandon; but here the poor Reparations Commission jibbed, for one cannot "repair" devastated provinces with rusty machine guns.

The next illustration is more startling still. Cynical and avaricious Dr. Schacht, of course, got to work on the German figures and inflated them beyond recognition. He made out that Germany had paid not £1,165 millions, but between £6,844 and £7,909 millions. To arrive at this boldfaced he counted in the German colonies at £4½ to £5½ billions. These, of course, were not reparations at all, they were German war losses and well-deserved losses.

This applies in a large measure also to the inclusion of the esti-

mated value of all the German State property in the ceded territories, such as railway stations, school buildings, Government offices, highways and so forth. It also applies, for there is no end to this grand racket, to Germany's inclusion in reparations of the cost of German disarmament, the destruction of German fortresses, the transformation of German industry from war to peace production. These are not reparations, but inevitable losses of a brazen aggressor; yet the world always listened to the German version, and believed that the impending re-aggressor was ruined.

Let us look a little more closely into the case of this Germany "ruined" by the reparations that she did not pay, and never meant to pay. Did the dupes ever pause to think that since the inflation of 1923 Germany's internal debt became practically non-existent, while Great Britain still had to carry one of over £8 billions, and France of more than 230,000 million francs, apart from some £2,156 millions of war debts that the two countries owed to the United States?

Or did these same innocents realize that between 1923 and 1939 the German national income was by about half and, in some years, by nearly three-quarters higher than in the years just before the last war, when the population was roughly the same? The individual German was thus earning more in these "years of want" than in the giddy days of peace under William II.

Germany beat all records in borrowing. How on earth did she

manage that? I shall tell you. He briefly said here that Germany received in loans and credits from her former enemies some £1,687 million in ready money. In other words, she borrowed either six or ten times as much as she paid in cash, according as you reckon it, or do not reckon it, the amounts of the Dawes and Young Loans.

Meanwhile what was the position of the Allies? When the Allies asked for a modification of their indebtedness, because payments by them had been made harder by the cessation of payments to them, they met with less consideration than the Germans.

It must be noted that the swindle was perpetrated entirely by Republica Germania and not by the Nazis. It will be seen that "good" Germans may not be so good when anything more costly to them than words is involved. Even they kept proclaiming that there is one law for Germans and another for lesser breeds without the law, until at last a dismored and weary world began to act on the hypothesis. Germany had by now made such a fuss that she received under the Dawes Plan, not only a respite but a loan and a great and permanent alleviation.

Meanwhile, the German national income had become 77 per cent. higher than in 1913. Consequently, the Germans pleaded poverty more shilly than ever and with increasing success.

The louder Germany shouted the smaller the Allies sang. They would be content now with just enough to enable them to repay a mere part of their debts to the United States. In this fantastic

world, the vicars were going about cap in hand, first to Berlin and then to Washington.

They had already cancelled £4,270 million of German un indebted German awards were now to begin with £584 million—less than half of the Dawes "normal" payments. This time, however, Germany did not even wait for one normal year to perform the old act. Hindenburg appealed to Hoover, a year's moratorium set in, and by the next year reparations were simply cancelled. Dr. Schacht had won on his head.

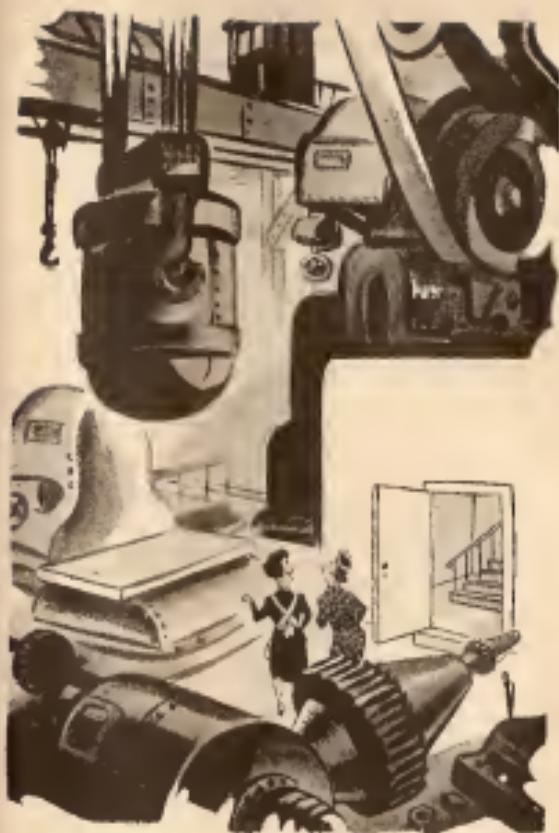
There was a sigh of relief when reparations came to an end. If they had gone on much longer the victory might have been paying Germany, who was now getting very uppish. A sad fate awaited, in turn, the "commercial" loans.

The "fool brain" in Germany, especially those of Sennenhoff, had seen right early that if Germany could only borrow enough in the United States, she would get an army of American investors interested in her fate, susceptible to her propaganda, and ultimately involved in assisting her to cancel reparations in order to save their own skins.

The scheme was a practical and cunning one, and it worked like a charm. The money poured in and the Germans pocketed everything they could get. They got at least £1,538 million in cash.

It was almost worth going to war for such a sum! It was certainly worth making ready for another war on the proceeds. Germany did so.

—English Digest, London.



"And this is where my business partners around after dinner."

"WHAT THE JAPS TOLD ME"

JOY HOMER

The fabulous adventures of an American girl who worked with Japan's Fifth Column to revive Democracy in the Far East

The fabulous adventures of an American girl who worked with Japan's Fifth Column to revive Democracy in the Far East

The letter hiring me as an underground lecturer in Japan was phrased like this: "We hope, dear Miss Homer, that you will concur to visit us in November, when the chrysanthemums are yet in bloom. Our places of beauty—Tokyo, Kyoto, Nikko — they eagerly await your desirable presence."

The gentlemen who wrote this letter were anti-war, anti-Fascist Japanese who had been working secretly against their Government. They had tried to stir up anger against the China "incident," and sympathy for the democracies. Some were business men, some college professors, some actually Government leaders. Because I had just returned from a year in Free and Occupied China and could be relied upon as an eyewitness, these men arranged for me to visit Tokyo and lecture secretly on Japanese atrocities.

That's how it happened. I sailed from Shanghai, one November night, on the strangest lecture tour imaginable. I brought with me no tall-tale literature to give away my mission, only some snatched photographs taken in Nanking by Japanese soldiers—photographs of rape

and murder.

After four months spent at their bayonet points in a dozen conquered cities, my impression of the Japs was not a pleasant one. I had been shaved about, beaten like a criminal, shot at more than once, and forced to watch Chinese coolies clubbed and kicked to death. But in the home country I was to meet a different breed.

My first morning, while I was still half at my cup of coffee, a very young man burst into the dining-room, loaded down with notebooks. It would seem he had recently started an underground press devoted to fighting Japan's military regime and stirring up sympathy for China. In the next hour I supplied him with enough material to last a dozen issues. Razend faced, smiling but stubborn in his convictions, he was perhaps the only Japanese of my acquaintance who refused to sit about and bewail the state of his nation. Instead, he went ahead and did something about it. I hope he is still alive.

The next afternoon I swallowed my stagefright and delivered my first lecture. The audience consisted of the men who had arranged my visit, plus their friends, families and acquaintances. The last group worried me a bit; for they were not quite heart and soul against their

Government. And if I failed to convince even one of these non-believers, he might go straight way to the police and lead to our collective arrest. For an hour I told them stories of China, stories of agony and murder, of needless brutality, and finally of China's queer tolerance toward her conquerors. At the end of that hour, each man and woman present shook me by the hand and the meeting closed with a prayer for China's victory.

This may sound outlandish; but many groups in Japan are pretty plaintive about their war. Japanese Communists, few in number and helpless to act, wait patiently for the day when their Government will fall and they will inherit the rule. Members of the Diet, Japan's version of Parliament, watch their powers taken one by one away and think dark thoughts about their military Cabinet. Within the Japanese army itself, exec chagrin and intrigues, while between the army and navy there is a half-century of mutual suspicion.

But one group in Tokyo really surprised me.

Somehow I had always thought of Japan's editors and publishers as a crowd of eager patriots. For years they had issued their government's official military communiques with a straight face and a lot of long words. But for one long comic afternoon I conferred with reporters from Tokyo's leading papers, and the single purpose of this meeting was to infuse some anti-military, pro-Chinese stories into the Japanese press. Seldom have I met men with fewer illusions. After a decade of pronouncing their Government's righteousness,

they would move the world on its foundations for the sake of a little truth. For some time now, these men had been printing subversive copy about atrocities in China and their Army's bungling by issuing it in the form of denials. And Tokyo readers had long since learned to believe implicitly any statement which was hotly denied in their press.

As for my tales—sure enough, when I was safely out of the country, Tokyo papers carried "exhilarating" details. In this way I probably reached our largest audience.

On the whole though, the country is bashed with idiotic propaganda. Every day of the year the average Japanese is reminded that his army is fighting in China, to "free the poor oppressed Chinese from their Communist dictators." He hears that his army and navy must now fight America because America, for some unmentionable reason, is eager to exterminate Japan. He has a proper schoolboy crush on his military through sheer force of repetition.

And though the average Japanese is highly dissatisfied with war conditions (lack of fuel and a thousand other necessities), he is also ready to live, fight and die for his country. Those of us who hopefully talk of bombing Japan into a state of internal revolt are barking up the wrong tree. You do not find rebellion among martyrs, and while bombs may destroy Japan's factories, they cannot destroy her nerves.

Among the intelligentsia, however, little groups of patriots hold out like small guerrilla bands. And

you can't scoff at their inertia, despite the fact that they talk much and do little. After all, it took no small amount of nerve to bring me to Japan to speak. A single, quiet whisper in the ear of the Tokyo police force and they might all have disappeared mysteriously from their homes, never to return.

They are enormously sincere and capable of becoming competent administrators. Many are loved by their people and fellow statesmen, and they may claim a large following when the war is done. For it is only the snivels of men like these that will be able to guide Japan to a right place among the nations.

There is no certain way of knowing exactly how many such Japanese exist. Once at a dinner party I spoke bluntly on the subject of Japan's military aims. I met the usual resonance from shocked guests, among them an elderly host. But later that evening, as I was leaving, he trotted along, his beard as grained as a wheat-field, while he bussed in truly: "Please, you must not believe me. I hate this war. I hate it. But I dare not speak out. I am ashamed, truly."

It spoke well for Japan's democratic fifth column that I was able to leave for America aboard a Japanese liner. No hint of my job had been breathed to the authorities. And to-day the number of rebels has grown. Japan's attack on her American "enemies" has naturally drawn some of her dissatisfied fence-sitters back to the side of her military. But this same attack has confirmed the fanatical belief of many more than they are in the hands of madmen. I am convinced

that very few men in the Japanese Government knew of the plans for Pearl Harbor. Even their Mikado was kept in happy ignorance. And the hundreds of loyal Government men, the members of the Diet and other institutions who have been shorn of their powers and dragged wholesale into a great war—they will not soon forget or forgive.

But we must not expect too much from them. Japan's culture is barely skin-deep, regardless of her military successes. And even her more intelligent and sophisticated citizens are incredibly naive. In dealing with them, we will find use for applied Alice-in-Wonderland psychology.

Take, for example, the last group that I met on Japanese soil—a crowd of several hundred students, all of whom adored their army and thought their country could do no wrong. It was up to me to convince them, or their teacher and I would find ourselves in jail.

I talked. I argued. I pleaded. I showed proof. At the end of an hour some of the students, far from being convinced, were obviously infuriated.

At this moment their teacher arose and introduced my fiance, also a correspondent homeward bound from China. She asked him to speak. As he rose awkwardly to his feet my heart sank, for I feared noce talk was dangerous.

But he came forward and faced the semi-hostile group. He said not a word. Instead, he reached quietly into his coat pocket and came forth with a pack of cards. Then and there he gave the boys a magic show that left them bag-

eyed. An amateur magician, he caused half the objects in the room to disappear before the evening was out. And the boys knew a master when they saw one. All the wonderful hot arguments faded from their eyes and their brains. War and rape and murder vanished out the window as 200 star-eyed began to glisten. Then laughter began and the

room was soon in an uproar. When they said good-bye to us that night, there was worship in their attitude.

Which may point a way to raising good post-war Japs. We might treat them as criminally inclined children in need of playgrounds and lollipops.

—Casanet, U.S.A.

Basic Nutrition

Dr. Gustaf Hertzberg, a research pathologist, who used to be professor of internal medicine in the University of Berlin and who is now associated with Beth Israel Hospital, New York City, believes on what he calls "basic nutrition," by which he means body-builders, mineral salts (calcium, phosphorus, iron) and vitamins. Basic nutrition requires that each one of us must have every day:

1. One pint of milk.
2. Two eggs.
3. One pound of butter every four days (one substitute).
4. One half to one pound of fresh vegetables.
5. Milk, potatoes, and tomatoes.
6. One orangefruit, or two oranges (lemons, tangerines will also do).
7. Fresh or dried fruits.
8. Half a pound of meat or fish, or one pound of poultry.
9. Coffee, cream, tea, salt, sugar, cheese and other dairy products.

—William Knodel, in *The New York Times*



Small Beginnings...

The barrage of criticism directed on our military machines—its almost complete lack of dive-bombers, its wrong tactics and its ineffective guns—is at last having effect. I have received news of one drastic change. A unit in Kent received a new order revolutionizing the layout of R.R.'s! Here are some of the latest war-winning devices:

1. The motor-side will now be placed on the right-hand side.
2. Blankets will now cover four crewmen instead of just, instead of two.
3. Blankets will be placed on the left-hand side of the deck.
4. Slippers will now be placed on the inside of boots, instead of on the outside.

So we can breathe again!

—Hannah Shadie, in *The Daily Herald*, London

WAR ON DISEASE

LYBON CARTER

Penicillin—magic drug that fights disease with a kill molecule

They say a million prehistoric men rolled things along on logs before one man paused to think—and invent the wheel. In our time countless laboratory workers have fumed at a mould called *Penicillium*. This fungus drops uninvited out of the air on to the little glass culture plates used for growing disease germs. The mould spreads, plates are ruined and temper snared.

One Monday morning in 1928 Dr. Alexander Fleming walked into his lab in the Bacteriology Department of St. Mary's Hospital, London. Over the weekend a set of important staphylococcus cultures had gone mouldy in the worst way. Dr. Fleming slipped a spoiled culture under the microscope. And then his mind did one of those amazing two-plus-two-makes-four tricks that add up to great discoveries. Why were the cultures spoiled? Because wherever the mould had spread the germ colonies had undergone lysis, or general decline. Confounded science on a culture plate. But suppose that substance could be washed on a human being dying of staph infection!

The St. Mary's laboratory bloomed into a *Penicillium* garden. Pampered with rich broth, the mould swelled up in pretty white tufts. Then it formed

spores. Finally, it turned greenish black. Nothing new there. What excited Fleming was the bright orange colour that suddenly appeared in the broth four day later. He filtered the brash tea of mould. A drop of the clear orange liquid went on a fresh culture of staphylococci. Next day all the germs were dead. Fleming tried eight types of *Penicillium* and five other moulds. But only the original strain could make broth turn orange and fatal to disease germs. Sensing a discovery, Doc. Fleming christened the mysterious lethal dye "penicillin." Years before, Fleming had shown what was wrong with powerful antiseptics like carbolic acid. They kill leukocytes—the body's anti-germ shock troops—faster than they kill invading microbes. Quick but careful testing proved that penicillin left leukocytes alone. Yet the stuff was a more potent killer of some disease germs than carbolic.

Fleming's report appeared in 1939. It seemed that here was an antiseptic of extraordinary promise. In the form of broth it was weak and injurious. If chemists could only extract the orange dye and learn how to make it synthetically, medicine would have a super weapon against disease. No chemist took the

hint. Penicillin was completely ignored for a whole decade. Towards the end of this blank period the sulphonamide drugs (of which the best known is M. & B. 693) soared to fame as life-savers. Now it happens that in the chemical *Who's Who* you'll find the lonely sulphur listed as relatives of quite humble dyes. Namely there was a scorable to look up even the fifth cousin. All were tested as germ poisons. Usually with zero results. In 1939 at Oxford University researchers thought backwards like this: sulphur drugs . . . dyes . . . remember orange colour . . . an old report by Fleming of St. Mary's . . . get hold of that penicillin!

Beds of fluffy white and green mould blossomed in Oxford laboratories. Doctors E. P. Abraham and E. Chain soon had startling results. Whereas sulphur drugs lose their fighting spirit when faced with swarms of microbes, penicillin proved willing to take on all comers. Then again, the sulphur won't work where there is blood, serum, pus or other debris found in infected wounds. Penicillin waded right in as if every job was in a spotless culture dish.

Doctors Chain and M. A. Jennings were first to extract tiny amounts of brown powder from the orange broth. They knew this wasn't pure penicillin. Even so it was an incredibly powerful poison for the germs of diphtheria, pneumonia, staph and streptococcus infections. Chain and Jennings burned a critical test.

Groups of fifty mice were dosed with certain death in the form of combined staph and strep infections. Each sick group was split into halves. Twenty-five controls were left alone. Twenty-five test mice got regular shots of penicillin in the veins. After two days and nights the score stood: all controls dead, all but one test mouse living and well.

At the Sir William Dunn School of Pathology the original research was joined by Doctors H. W. Flory, C. M. Fletcher, A. D. Gardner and N. G. Headley, each a celebrity in his own right. First on the agenda came a check of Fleming's ten-year-old claim that penicillin is harmless to leukocytes in our blood. One after another the Oxford researchers wound up with this surprising fact: apparently penicillin fights disease with the latest war technique. It stops a bacteria blitz by cutting the attackers off from all reinforcements. In the case of microbe war, that means halting the divide-and-grow process by which germs multiply in sick bodies. That's all penicillin does. But see what follows. Immediately the enemy's lines are thus cut a signal is flashed to body headquarters. Those always-ready leukocyte shock troops are hurried into the attack. The isolated "spareheads" of infection are annihilated.

Actually penicillin does no germ-killing. It encircles the microbe invaders, holds them there, then waits for leukocytes to launch the smash attack. Which

is the perfect anti-infection strategy doctors and chemists have long aimed for.

Meanwhile the entire research was threatened with that curse so common in warring Britain: shortage of material. All seven men dropped individual problems and tackled the emergency job of speeding up penicillin output. First they found how to grow the mould with a nutrient simpler than broth. Then everything had to be sterilized; instead of open dishes, special porcelain flasks were used, roughly the size and shape of Army water bottles. In these hothouses the mould was coaxed to fluffy green luxuriance. Every few days the orange liquid was drawn off. The last step required the invention of a special pasteur to suck out fluid and let it sterile air.

Only a chemist could explain the weird sight-of-hand the Oxford men used to purify the fluid. By changing the acidity of the orange-coloured dye it was made to disappear from the liquid. It would instantly reappear when shaken with liquid ether. A little less acid, and the stuff vanished again. Only to turn up in fresh water. During these quick changes the impurities got left behind. At the St. William Dunn School they learned the art of juggling up to five hundred quarts every week, the output of that many flasks. Eventually they were able to extract a more or less pure yellow powder. In a lucky week production would total five grammes—a teaspoonful—of this precious

dust.

In spectacular fashion Dr. Abraham demonstrated its terrific potency. He took the strongest solutions he could make of sulphapyridine and sulphathiazole, two of the best modern germ killers. Dropped on culture plates swarming with hordes of deadly bacteria, neither drug could completely inactivate the germs. On exactly similar plates penicillin instantly paralysed every microbe. And it would do this even when the strongest solution was diluted . . . see drop to see hundred drops of water. Other workers found the germ of gonorrhoea could be snuffed out by penicillin diluted two million times. A meningitis bug with one million dilution. Pneumonia microbes with quarter-million strength.

Moved over to Radcliffe Infirmary, the research swiftly approached its grand climax. For four months they had had in their ward a policeman suffering with chronic infection. Every treatment had failed. The man's left eye had been removed, his right was almost blind. Scalp and arms were abscessed. There was fever, the lungs were involved. The patient had long endured intense pain. Now he was dying.

Penicillin treatment began with slow drip-feeding into the veins. In 24 hours less than one gramme had gone into the policeman's bloodstream. Improvement was dramatic. Two days later the patient's eye was normal. Fever gone. Appetite good! But the supply of penicillin—only five grammes to start with—was



"Two men, slowed . . . with sleepiness!"

exhausted. Within a week the policeman suddenly worsened and died.

Next case given up for lost was a boy with septicemia and osteomyelitis of the hip. Penicillin dripped steadily into his veins for ten days. This time chemists guaranteed the meager supply would hold out. Having discovered that the kidneys quickly removed penicillin from the blood, they performed an astonishing feat. They collected every drop of the patient's urine, extracted the drug, purified it, and each day delivered it back to the bedside for use over again! About half was lost. Enough remained to rid the boy of all infection. His hip healed. Twenty days after treatment he was walking home.

Sure that penicillin was safe, Radcliffe doctors gave it by mouth to a six-month baby boy. It promptly cleared up a chronic urinary infection. Nor did patients flinch when penicillin solution was dropped into badly ulcerated eyes. On the contrary their desperate pain was magically soothed . . .

Alexander Fleming still has his original mouldy culture plate. That little dishful of mould touched off a delayed-action idea. The idea took ten years to explode, but its effect upon disease fighting will be profound. The conservative British Medical Association hails penicillin as the strongest and safest microbe killer ever discovered.

—*National Home Monthly*, Winnipeg.

... And the Horse Bolted . . . !

For the benefit of the petrol-tax motorist who may be thinking of putting the little old car in storage and getting a horse and a buggy, the following rules of etiquette are unscrupulously transcribed from many years ago.

"A gentleman, upon calling to take a lady for a ride, will never compel her to climb into the buggy unassisted, but will courteously descend to the ground with reins in hand and gently chapter her elbow, helping her to enter the vehicle, stepping in himself only after she has comfortably seated herself.

"Ladies when driving will invariably dispose the impale in such manner that their extremities will be well covered from sight of passers-by.

"To ride with one or both of the feet hanging out, as is the custom of many young men of 'rodeos' inclination, is the height of vulgarity, even for the sterner sex.

"On passing a lady companion in the street while driving, a gentleman should extract the reins to his left hand (and the whip also, if in use), thus leaving the right hand free to lift the hat. To hit the hat with the hand which holds the whip is secretly a polite gesture, need it be said?"

—*New York Times Magazine*.



"That's all you told me has gone into reversal!"

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1943

FEBRUARY 1: The Soviet armies were mounting offensives west of Voronej and south of Rostov, result of the Stalingrad clean-up. In Tripoli the Eighth Army was advancing, but in Tunisia Axis forces were driving back the French, had captured Faid Pass. At Wau, New Guinea, Japs had taken another rough handling, were retreating.

FEBRUARY 2: Soviet forces were still pushing forward on all active fronts; there were clashes in Tunisia and in Burma. Rangoon, New Britain, was air-pounded.

FEBRUARY 3: In Tunisia British counter-attacks were restoring lost ground. In the Pacific there were naval clashes near the Solomons. Rostov was coming under bombardment from Russian big guns.

FEBRUARY 4: Victory-inspired Soviet troops were piercing Nazi winter line, were threatening Kursk and Orel, had taken many important towns. Hamburg was being R.A.F. blasted.

FEBRUARY 5: Allied bombers were pounding Lee, Rangoon, Buri; R.A.F. bombers were pounding Italy, Germany, France.

FEBRUARY 6: Soviet troops were thrusting to the Donets River, were threatening German forces in the Caucasus.

FEBRUARY 7: Russians were streaming across the Donets River, hammering retreating, disillusioned Nazis. North of Australia Jap bases were being heavily, systematically bombed.

FEBRUARY 8: American troops were pushing Japs on Guadalcanal, had outflanked enemy positions. In Tunisia Rommel's panzer divisions were making gains.

FEBRUARY 9: German-held base of Kursk had fallen to the Russians, other main towns were threatened. From Guadalcanal came news of complete withdrawal of Japanese forces. British guns were shelling Mareth Line in Tunisia. German troops were suffocating Italians in heavily bombed cities. Italian people were restless.

FEBRUARY 10: Six major German bases were in danger through the irresistible tide of Russian advance.

FEBRUARY 11: Japanese forces were retreating from Wau towards Mubo, New Guinea, were being badly mauled. The Allies were making minor gains in Tunisia.

FEBRUARY 12: Russian forces were pushing on towards the Dneiper River, were driving the Nazis back on the whole south-Russia front.

FEBRUARY 13: Americans were bombing Jap Solomons positions, R.A.F. was hammering Lorient, German U-boat base. Eighth Army was still advancing in Tunisia, but the First Army was making slight yields of ground.

FEBRUARY 14: Further victory-mak-



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ing drives in Russia were threatening key towns of Kharkov and Rostov.

FEBRUARY 15: Russia and Voroshilovgrad had fallen to the Russians, Germans in the Donetz Basin and Caucasus were facing annihilation. In central Tunisia the Nazis were making substantial gains. R.A.F. bombers were making it hot in Germany and Italy.

FEBRUARY 16: The Eighth Army was still advancing in south-east Tunisia, the First Army still falling back. Russian gains were continuing.

FEBRUARY 17: Kharkov had been added to the list of Russian successes, Soviet troops were still forging ahead in most other sectors of the long front. Americans were counter-attacking in southern Tunisia, were holding Axis forces. Japs had suffered substantial naval losses in Solomon fighting.

FEBRUARY 18: Spreading out from Kharkov, Soviet troops were replotting their gains, effecting German counter-attacks further south. In Central Tunisia Rommel's troops were again on top, gaining more ground.

FEBRUARY 19: Soviet troops were converging on Orel, were still making gains in other sectors. Japanese were launching a series of attacks in China, spread over a large area.

FEBRUARY 20: British units reinforcing Americans in central Tunisia were halting Axis columns. In Russia two more key towns had fallen to the victorious Red Army, other successes were forecast.

FEBRUARY 21: Nazis were fighting back on portions of the Russian front, but Soviet troops were still moving towards Germany. Fighting was intense in central Tunisia, in the south-east the Eighth Army had made further gains.

FEBRUARY 22: Nazis attacked again in central Tunisia, were badly battered, repulsed. There were bombing raids on Jap positions north of Australia and in the Solomons. British bombs fell on Bremen.

FEBRUARY 23: Nazi troops were withdrawing in central Tunisia; Russians were meeting with notable success in the Ukraine. Bombing of advanced Jap bases was continuing.

FEBRUARY 24: The German withdrawal in central Tunisia was accelerating; Allied troops were taking heavy toll. In China the Japs were making gains, advancing on three out of seven fronts.

FEBRUARY 25: Soviet armies were maintaining pressure on southern fronts, were mounting new offensives in south and central areas. R.A.F. was bombing Nazi-tradition-steeped town, Nuremberg.

FEBRUARY 26: Russian central offensive was gaining considerable ground; Nazis were counter-attacking in south. R.A.F. was conducting non-stop raids on Germany on pre-invasion scale.

FEBRUARY 27: R.A.F. non-stop raids were continuing, key towns were blasted, industrial areas devastated. Activity was increasing in the Tunisian theatre.

To keep the intestinal tract normally active and healthy

and so avoid auto-toxemia, or self-poisoning, and conditions such as gastritis, rheumatism and sciatica arising from it, try

KRUSCHEN SALTS

For regular daily use, put on your food, morning soup or rice cereal, or a glass of hot water, "Kruschen to assist a appetite." The medicinal doses, for gastritis, rheumatism, bronchitis, constipation, these and other diseases, are to be had in a full prescription, to be taken half a teaspoonful of hot water, taken every morning before breakfast. Kruschen salts should be taken for some weeks at least to ensure its full effect.



★ BOOKS ★

As useful a book about Soviet Russia as ever came out of an impartial reporter's notebook is *The Kremlin and the People*, by famed international correspondent Walter Duranty.

It is no weighty tome of figures, statistics, intricate politics. It is no frothy piece consisting of casual gossip, half—or unfounded facts.

Correspondent Duranty makes no bones about hating the Russian people, but does not spurn them on that account. "It says Russians are always Russians, and every Russian is the same Russian, kind, cruel, hospitable, curious, suspicious, affectionate, generous, will shoot you as soon as look, and if he happens to miss might kill you the next minute on both cheeks."

"The new Russians have to be told this. They think they have changed their spots, or cast their swarthy Ethiopean skin. But they haven't. They cannot escape what life made them, the way they were moulded by life, for centuries, as we all are moulded by years. The basic fact about Russians is that they're a childish people, a young people, full of strength, and of the heat and non-sense of childhood. They've not yet had time to grow up, because for hundreds of years they accepted more or less willingly the life and condition of slaves."

"There was no Magna Charta in Russia, no process of habeas

corpus, no freedom of press, of speech. Do you realise that in 1914 the will of the Tsar was law for the highest and the lowest, and no one could gainsay it? That the whole vast country was run for the benefit of about 5 per cent. of its population, who got the plums and the gravy, while the rest of them did the work? That only one out of five could read or write, that the top-dogs lived in luxury and splendour to make even Hollywood blank, and the others lived like pigs in filth and disease and hunger?"

There can be no slightest doubt why Russians, to-day, fight as they are fighting for their country, for their new-found freedom.

Their freedom, perhaps, is no great liberty such as we enjoy, or perhaps it is as great as ours; at best that is a matter of comparison, at worst it is for the Russians themselves to say. To them, their freedom is tremendous. Like a dog long-cooped in a box they now find themselves let run in a paddock.

"In one of the great moments of my life, on the day after Lenin died, I heard his widow tell why her husband became a Bolshevik. He had, it seems, a brother, older than he, whom he loved. This brother was educated in St. Petersburg, and maintained, as any boy would—he was only twenty-one—friendship and correspondence with some of his

THE MEASURE OF INDUSTRY



is its value to the nation

IN WAR AND IN PEACE

In the days before the war the makers of Agee Pyrex were busy supplying the needs of wise housewives for modern glassware . . . to-day they are also producing a wide and varied range of dispensary, laboratory, and clinical glassware for use by the fighting services in army hospitals, in laboratories and munition plants, all in furtherance of Australia's war effort.

It is in times of national crisis such as the war has brought about that the true value of industry can be assessed. And it is to Australia's benefit that out of your popular Pyrex casseroles should come this vitally necessary glassware to meet Australia's wartime demand.

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classmates there. He wrote a letter to one of them, just the usual sort of letter, about 'how are things with you, and I'm doing this and that, and let me hear from you soon, and what are your plans,' and so on—an ordinary letter. But it seems that the boy who received it was closely involved in the assassination of the Tsar, which happened about this time. So the Tsarist police hanged him, and for good measure hanged Lenin's brother as well, because he had written that letter . . .

Many of his stories about the "why" of Soviet Russia and its fanatical fighting qualities. Perhaps best of them is this:

"I'll never forget one day—this gives you the truth about Soviet Russia and why the boys are fighting—when I went to the Moscow University to talk to a youngster I knew, and found him sharing a room about ten feet by ten with three other boys. There were only two beds among them, but there was a telephone, and steam heat. No sheets, of course, but blankets; and books piled up everywhere and only one table for all four of them to work on, and 'modern plumbing' down the hall, though no bathrooms. You did know about the plumbing, in a very pleasant way.

"So I said to this young man, 'It must be hard for you to work in such conditions.'

"He gave me an odd look and said slowly, 'Do you know my earliest memory, the first page in my brain's book of life? It was sucking the teats of a sow in the

place where I was born, which was a wooden lean-to against the hut of a Kulak peasant who employed my father. The lean-to was built as near as possible to the stove. There were seven of us children, nearly naked and always hungry, and I was the fifth. My mother dragged me away from the pig—the pig—the first thing I remember in my life—and said, 'Little pigs are worth money, but babies are a nuisance,' and threw me into the corner. You say there are hard conditions? . . . They give me a chance in life, to become a man, not a pig. That's what Lenin and Stalin have done for me and millions of others. You foreigners can't understand, but we know and we understand. I tell you if ever the test comes, if ever they strike at our Russia, we shall fight for it, down to the depths and up to the highest heights. The Bolshevik Revolution! It gave us a chance in life."

"That, I thought, was impressive; at least it impressed me. And true, I knew it was true. I can know the truth when I hear it . . ."

There is a beauty about this book. It has not a great deal to say—an examination of Russian justice, of Russian freedom ("he doesn't believe in our freedom, but he does believe in his own. It's amazing, but that's how it is"), of Russian spirit. But it is all essence—concentrated stuff, boiled down and down . . . and fascinatingly interesting.

(Our copy, Angus & Robertson, Sydney. 6/6.)



"Pardon me . . . could you tell me where my Cousin Alec and Aunt Fanny have moved to?"

POTPOURRI



R.A.F. BULL'S EYE . . .

If you are one of the few who still look up when an airplante passes overhead, you may have noticed a change in the markings of British aircraft.

Instead of having the three roundels, red upon white upon blue, of equal width upon the fuselage, the white has been reduced to a mere line. In the stripes on the fin, too, the white has become a mere line. The effect of the marking is quite different from the traditional marking that has been used by British aircraft since the early days of the Royal Flying Corps in 1914-18.

—*Evening Standard*, London.

MY DAY TO HOME . . .

Still more schoolboy bowlers: Many Queen of Scots was playing golf when the news was brought to her of the birth of her son and heir.

Thomas à Becker met Henry on the altar steps, and said: "What he, King!" Henry massacred him severely.

Titus Oates was the only kind of grain that could be obtained during the war.

Contralto is a low sort of music that only women can sing.

—*Evening News*, Edinburgh

AN E. LADIES! . . .

"I belong to the greatest nation

in the world," said an American who was being entertained by a Scottish family.

"And how did you come to lose your accent?" asked his hostess gently.

—*Western Mail*, Britain.

INVOLVED . . .

At the moment when this is written, a precarious state of peace still exists between Russia and Japan. At the same time, the United States, which is at war with Japan, is Russia's ally and is delivering to her war material that cannot be used against Japan until the peace is broken. If that time comes the United Nations will be able to use Siberian air bases from which to bomb the heart of Japan.

In the meantime, one form of direct attack against Japan seems possible without a technical breach of the Russo-Japanese peace. Bombing planes destined for Russia could be flown by Canadian and United States pilots from Alaska to Siberia. They would carry the insignia of their countries of origin until they were delivered on Russian soil. If the pilots happened to make a detour via Tokyo and Yokohama and drop a few loads of bombs, such an accident would not involve Russia.

The operations might approp-



"Charged with treason on officer, your Honor!"

sistly be entrusted to Wrong Way Carrigan, who was recently appointed to the United States Plant Ferry Service.

—*The Printed Word*, Toronto and Montreal.

Men without Fear . . .

Napoleon did not gain the position he did so much by a study of rules and strategy as by a profound knowledge of human nature in war.

A story of him in his early days shows his knowledge of psychology.

When an artillery officer at the siege of Toulon, he built a battery in such an exposed position that it was told he would never find men to hold it. He put up a placard, "The battery of men without fear," and it was always manned.

—General Maxwell

"In Short . . ."

Extract from advertisement of a business college:

"We could produce a hundred illustrations to prove the advantages of shorthand and the saving of time thereby effected. Only think, gentlemen, it took Goethe forty years to write his *Faust*. How many years he might have saved if he had known shorthand!"

—*Curious Science Monitor*, U.S.A.

EFFECTIVE EXAMPLE . . .

The pupils should not repeat war names was emphasised by an alert teacher who drew a simple geometrical design on a piece of paper and showed it to a pupil in one of the front seats. After looking at the design for 10 seconds

the student attempted to draw a duplicate, which he showed to the one behind him. So it went down the row, until the last boy finished and brought his design to be compared with the original. The companion put over the teacher's lesson on rumor-mongering very effectively.

—*Stereo Educational News*, U.S.A.

AD-VANTAGE POINTS . . .

Lost, Saturday, 1.30. Blue Camo-kricken, marked Brain. Sentimental value 10s reward. Please return.

—*Advertiser in The Sheffield Star*, London.

People sharing with Siamese cat modernized 18th Century Devon house, seek others for pacific life. 15s. each, weekly, inclusive.

—*Advertiser in The New Statesman*, London.

Young girl or older woman wanted for Peking; live with family; good home; keen, early rise, cheerful companion.

—*Advertiser in Our Dogs*, London.

In unoccupied France there is a serious housing shortage, for there are still many French people there who used to live in the occupied zone but do not wish to return. This has led to the appearance of advertisements which are both ludicrous and pathetic:

A lady advertises that she wants two rooms. Her husband is a prisoner of war and she is alone with her fifteen-year-old daughter. She is an excellent musician and offers to play the piano for two hours a day for her landlord or landlady.

A married couple, hunting for a furnished flat, add: "Being vegeta-

tionists, we are willing to give up our weekly meat ration." One can imagine that the couple will soon find a flat.

An anonymous young man seems to be sure of even greater success: "Young man, well off, wants a nicely furnished room in a pleasant quarter of the town. Ready to pay high rent and to give his tobacco ration to his landlord, as he is a non-smoker himself." The advertiser soon received hundreds of letters. A lady offers him her sitting-room, in order to get the tobacco rations for her husband. A young girl writes, offering her room, "furnished all in white," her gymnastic apparatus and her artificial sun-lamp, as she wants the tobacco ration card as a birthday present for her boy-friend.

—*Condensed from Der BUND*, Berlin.

MUSIC IN THE AIRS . . .

Sir Thomas Beecham, now rising sixty-four, has never published a book, though his speeches and sayings would easily fill a volume. He is preparing that omission.

I hear that, while resting in Vancouver, he is putting the finishing touches to what he is calling *A Musical Guide*. It is said to be "a kind of autobiography".

While America was impressed by Sir Thomas, he returns the compliment. In a later home he remarked that people in the United States are very serious, a mood that has not interfered with their zest for music.

—*Peterborough in Daily Telegraph*, London.

DON'T ARGUE ABOUT PINEAPPLE PORK SAUSAGES

GLORIOUS FLAVOUR, REMARKABLE QUALITY.



BUY AND HOLD
WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES

Equipment is needed now. The more you save, the quicker you save, the more the value of your effort. Extravagance won't win the war—it can go a long way towards losing it. Only by economy can the defense of Australia be assured, and eventual victory won.

BUY

WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES

MAKE EVERY DAY A NATIONAL
THIRTY DAY.

PACIFIC OUTLOOK . . .

MacArthur was and still is a believer in holding down paper work to a minimum. Andes recall that when they brought unusually large stacks of mail and reports to his desk, he would say, "Leave the ones that are going to win or lose a war, and throw the others away."

—*Chicago Tribune, U.S.A.*

"SPELLING IT" . . .

A Canadian professor says that anyone who can spell twenty of the following thirty words is a "passably good speller."

Anoint, benedict, inoculate, suspend, baratton, tyranny, harassed, embarrassment, supererogation, paraffin (e), atrocity, desecrated, consensus, hypocrisy, accommodate, gouge, inanacado, picnicking, cynosure, bilious, plague, sacreligious, vilify, doggerel, bacillus, subversive, percolator, mucus, auxiliary, pigeons.

—*Weekly Telegraph, London*

NEW PLACE FOR WOOD . . .

The trend of construction, invention and use of material during the twentieth century has all been away from wood. Man has sought other longer-lasting materials that could repay him for his effort. But science has been studying wood and its possibilities, while we have been using steel and devising plastics, and it has learnt how to eliminate rot, prevent the destructive action of insects, and even, in a large measure, to prevent fire in this product of the forest, which had hitherto counted all these things as natural enemies and destroyers. This has been done with pressure impregnation of the wood by such chemi-

cals as creosote, chlorinated zinc chloride, sodium fluoride, and synthetic resins.

To-day, almost anything can be made from wood . . . from bicycle pedals to huge girders for giant war-plants. New methods of chemical impregnation of wood give it almost the strength of steel. A new phosphizing process has been developed whereby wood, treated with the inexpensive chemical, urea, can be twisted like rope, bent like lead, moulded like dough, and given the hardness of some types of steel.

—*Science News Letter, U.S.A.*

AIR RAID . . .

In the bedrooms of a hotel in a South-country seaside town which is frequently visited by "Jerry" is the following notice to visitors: "Please inform the porter if you wish to be awakened in the event of an air raid; otherwise you will not be disturbed."

—*Daily Dispatch, London*

NOBODY MENTIONED IT . . .

The most faithful park keeper that I know of must be the man in charge of Hoxton Park in England. Every evening at 7.45 he religiously walks round the garden, informing the people that it is now closing time. He then goes to the gate and locks it.

Well, there aren't any railings around the park, all of them having been removed for the war effort. The gate is still standing, and the keeper opens and closes it each day as if the railings were still there. His explanation is that the authorities have not informed him to stop this practice.

—*Brush News, Kerr*



*A Great Magazine
about a great soldier*

Tell him get in amongst it, this issue didn't know how good he was. Those who wait for his return don't know how good he is. ★ Because he is making the history of to-day and to-morrow, a magazine devoted exclusively to his exploits, records his history whenever he fights. ★ It tells of him in learned studies, in pictures, in luminous colors, in fiction. ★ Moreover this magazine is fittingly one of the best produced publications in the world. Less than that would be inadequate for the world's best fighting man.

★ **ARMY** is issued monthly and sold for 1/- per copy. Its profits go to America. ★ Soldiers buy it, read it, and read it home. Those folks buy it, read it, and read it to their soldiers. ★ **ARMY** is America's No. 1 magazine. See your captain or newspaper.



Work! End!

The writing is on the wall

IF WE LOSE
WE SHALL HAVE NOTHING
—but regrets